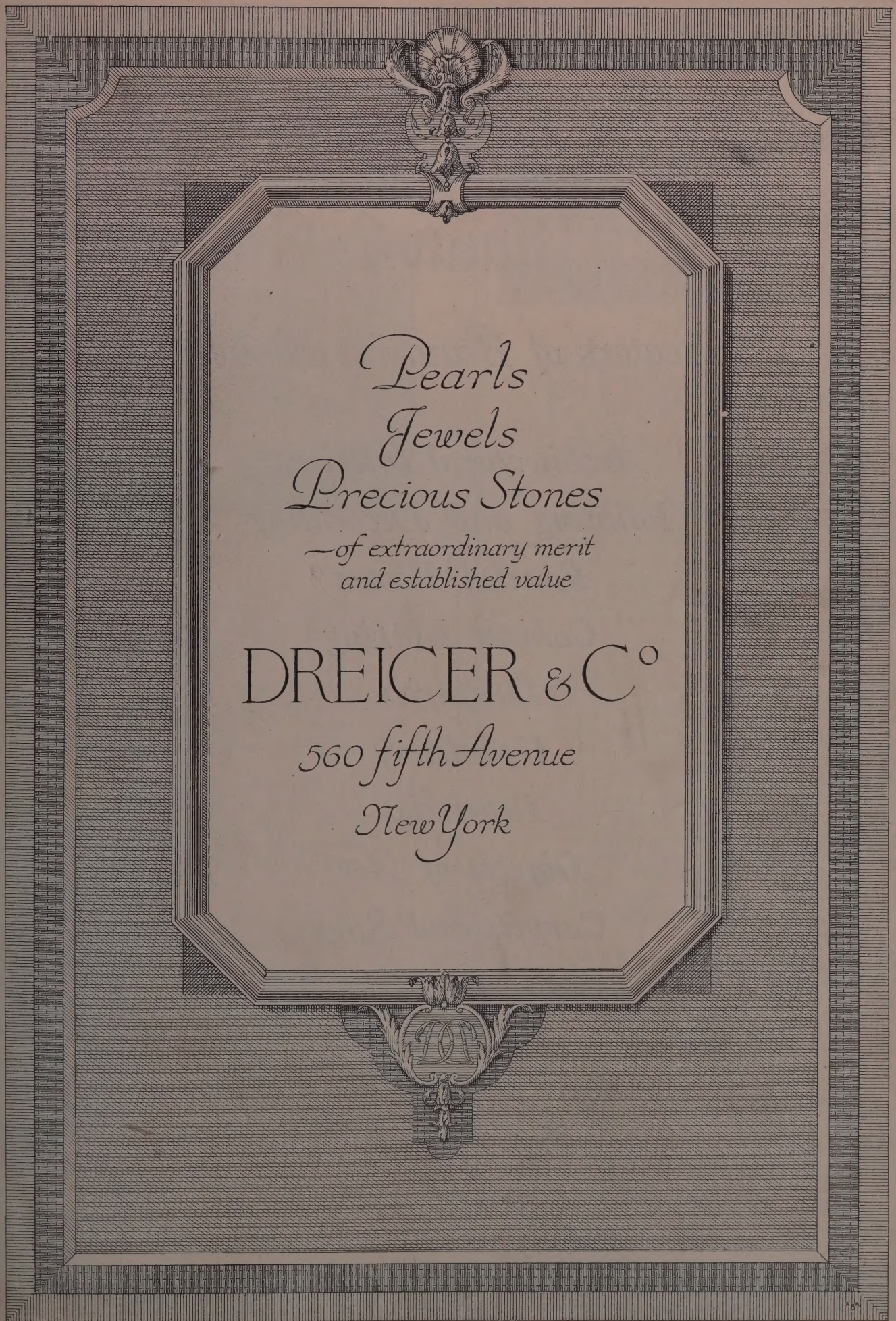
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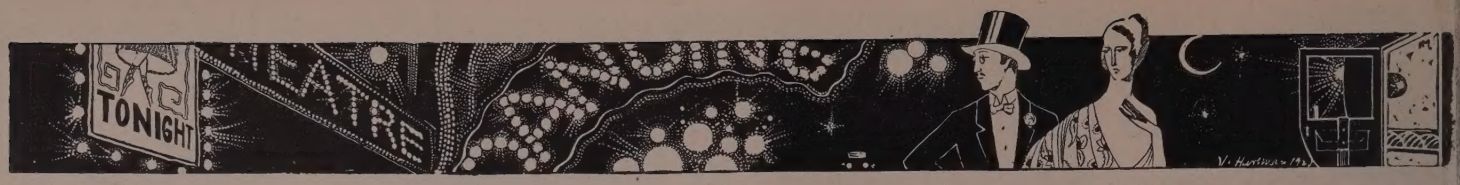

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IF ever the vogue for dancing seems to slow down for a space, something comes along to give it renewed impetus. At the moment of writing it is the advent of the sons of Otto Kahn, Roger and Gilbert, into the sacred circles of Broadway jazz. You can fancy how that will start us all up again! Roger Kahn has organized a small band which has been rehearsing at the Kahn mansion for some weeks, while Gilbert has joined a rival organization, playing the saxophone. The Roger Kahn band, to be known as "The Roger Wolfe Band"—Wolfe being Roger Kahn's middle name and evidently some parental objection having been raised to the use of the Kahn name in such connection—has opened at The Knickerbocker Grill, and it is rumored will later accept booking over the Keith Circuit. This engagement at the Grill, along with that of Fay Marbe, who has been there for some time, and who is presented as "The World's *Chérie*," gives particular honors to the spot as a dancing rendezvous.

WHERE TO DANCE

FOR another dancing place we recommend "The Silver Slipper" at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, where the well-known vaudeville team of Van and Schenck entertain, very much entertain we might say, at dinner and after the theatre:

For still another, "The Wigwam," at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, which is decorated after the manner of an Indian reservation with Indian trophies. Here Harry Richman has his somewhat battered "little old" piano wheeled out into the rather limited floor space, and gives a most entertaining performance. Richman has a happy faculty for making the guests "get together" in this, calling upon whatever theatrical people may be present—and there are many of them who go to "The Wigwam"—to arise and do their stuff. We heard, for instance, that one night "Strangler" Lewis was in his audience and very shortly Richman had staged a wrestling match between Lewis and another actor. The night we were present he eventually had us all up on the floor joining hands in a wild "Paul Jones" or whatever-you-call 'em.

And don't forget, as to dancing, the McAlpin. At the latter place, the smart "El Patio" room, under the direction of its hostess, Mrs. Hawkesworth, has become one of the most popular spots in New York for after-the-theatre dance parties, and every night finds a dozen or more gatherings arranged by socially prominent New Yorkers or members of the Washington diplomatic circle. Mrs. Hawkesworth has, as well, successfully launched a series of Friday afternoon tango teas, from four to six o'clock, while the Saturday afternoon *The Dansants* are well attended. In the McAplin Grill Nahan Franko's superb new orchestra plays for dinner and throughout the entire Supper Dance session. There is certainly wherewithal to choose from, not so?

MISCELLANEOUS

WHEN the dancing places have closed and you still yearn to piece out the morning with a somewhere-else-to-go, try an early breakfast at the new Child's on Fifth Avenue below Fifty-ninth Street. The one at the other end of that street is also popular for early breakfasts, but serves a class of customers that you will not much wish to join unless you have definitely made up your mind to go slumming.

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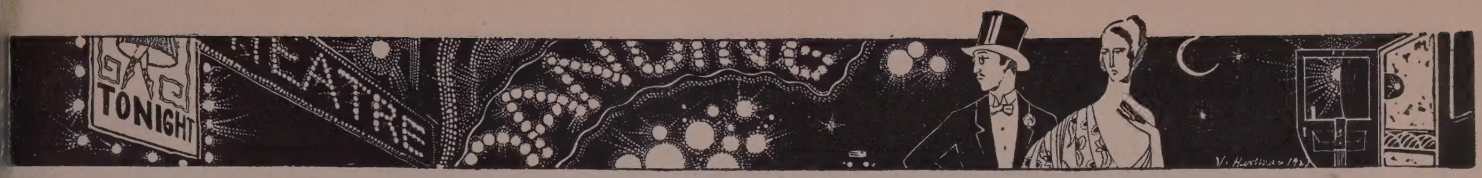

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STANDING ROOM ONLY

IT is amusing how the Morris Gest productions of the last two years have all come under the heading of "the smart thing to do." It began with the *Chauve-Souris,* and went on to *The Moscow Art Players,* and then to the engagement of *Duse.* And now it is *The Miracle.* Not always do art and the vogue thus "synchronize." But smart society and the dramatic, literary, and artistic worlds have crowded to each of these in its turn, and all those of other worlds who could "make it." And, of course, if you did the thing properly you went not once, nor even twice, but as many times as possible.

The Miracle shares in this repetition of attendance, though not, to be sure, to the extent of *The Moscow Art Players.* But still you go first for the gorgeous and stupendous spectacle itself, and then whether you have seen Lady Diana Manners in the rôle of "The Nun" or Rosamonde Pinchot, you want to see the one whom you did not see, as well as the performance of Carmi, Princess Matchabelli, and so you are led back a second or a third time.

Society especially expects you to have a very definite preference in the matter of Lady Diana versus Pinchot in this rôle of "The Nun," and to state why you think so. It leads to discussion pro and con, and discussion, as we well know, is the life of any social gathering. As far as our mortal ears have heard the gossip, there seems to be the most crowding on the nights Lady Diana Manners plays "The Nun." Rumor has it, too, that she is contemplating relinquishing the part altogether and sailing back to England at the end of the month, not wishing to be longer separated from her husband. So much for *The Miracle.*

HISSING THE VILLAIN

ANOTHER production out of the ordinary that is being crowded to the doors is the revival of Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion, or Life in New York* (period of 1845) down at The Provincetown Playhouse. The play has been put on as nearly as possible along the lines of the original 1845 production, which captivates the audience. There is the old playbill as program, the apron in front of the stage, the stiff asides, the curtain which rolls down clumsily and bangs its wooden pole on the floor.

Some of the furniture, a table or chair, is painted on the scenery. And songs of the period, arranged by Brian Hooker and Deems Taylor are interpolated here and there throughout the play with an irrelevancy that but adds to their charm. The Provincetown Playhouse is especially adapted for such a production, its primitive character lending itself readily to the atmosphere needed. And the audience co-operates bravely with the actors on the stage, keeping time to the songs, hissing the villain, and applauding the noble hero and the heroine as they take their curtain calls. Laughter is continuous, sometimes so co-operative in its nature as to drown out lines.

THE LATEST LITTLE THEATRE

THE new baby in the Little Theatre group, and only a few weeks old at this writing, is *The Cherry Lane Playhouse,* down in The Village, and a feature of that Cherry Lane development already mentioned in this column. The first production in the theatre by *The Cherry Lane Players* was somewhat of a flivver, but the second production by *The Inter-Theatre Arts,* called *Tyrants,* and directed by Elizabeth Grimball, is having more success. The Playhouse, off Seventh Avenue below Christopher Street, at the end of Commerce, is a little tricky to find, but well repays the adventure, and the old warehouses and one-time sugar factories, now attics *de luxe,* have been seeing more limousines and taxis these past few weeks than in their whole previous history.

ANNE ARCHBALD

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Written in Sand, a camera reverie by Charles Mace

CONTENTS for APRIL, 1924

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Truth about Commercialism in the Theatre...*Lee Shubert* 9
Why I don't Write More Serious Plays.....*Avery Hopwood* 10
The Merry Wives of Gotham.....*Ada Patterson* 12
Bel-Geddes—Master of the Scenic Art.....*Grenville Vernon* 20
So This is Hollywood!.....*Don Ryan* 24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial..... 7
Biographical Page: Henrietta Crosman..... 21
Mirrors of Stageland.....*The Lady with the Lorgnette* 22
Heard on Broadway.....*L'Homme Qui Sait* 39
The Amateur's Green Room.....*M. E. Kehoe* 41
The Promenades of Angelina..... 46

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....*Baskerville*
The Chinese Porcelains.....*Goldberg* 5
Our Broadway Producers: No. 2, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld
John Decker 11
The Merry Wives of Gotham, sketch.....*R. L. Leonard* 13
Poems of Motion.....*Rabinovitch* 27
Hell Bent fer Heaven, sketches.....*Alonzo Klaw* 38

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play..... 15
The Way Things Happen, The Goose Hangs High, Mr. Pitt, Fashion, The Show-Off, The New Englander, Hell Bent fer Heaven, Beggar on Horseback.

Cinema.....*Howard Irving Young* 30
Music.....*Adrian Pelham* 34
Vaudeville.....*Bland Johaneson* 36

THE NEW PLAYS

Outward Bound (in pictures)..... 14
Kid Boots (in pictures)..... 17
Fashion (in pictures)..... 18
The Swan: Condensation.....*Ferenc Molnar* 26

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Katharine Cornell.....*Rabinovitch* 6
Francine Larrimore.....*Alfred Cheney Johnston* 8
Mme. Simone..... 23
George Billings as Lincoln..... 31

PICTORIAL FEATURES

High Lights in the Midwinter Season..... 25
"Author! Author!"..... 29
Among the Cinema Stars..... 33
When the Stars of the Evening Sing Together..... 35
The Spice of Variety..... 37

DEPARTMENTS

The Amateur Stage.....*M. E. Kehoe* 40
Fashions..... 43
The Vanity Box..... 60

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: The label "Cohanesque" is supposed to mean "sure-fire hokum" when it is attached to a play. George M. Cohan, himself, denies the adjective, and tells his interesting views on the drama. ☙ In an article "What's Wrong with the Theatre?" Richard Bennett, the eminent actor, reveals some conspicuous flaws and offers some interesting opinions from the inside. ☙ "Are Chorus-Girls Really Immoral?" The sensational results of research and experiment made by a distinguished university professor of psychology, who reaches such remarkable conclusions he is compelled to remain anonymous. Cartoons and the usual wealth of beautiful pictures. Don't miss it!

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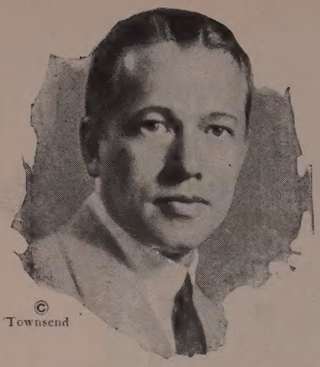

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX. No. 277 APRIL, 1924

THE CHINESE PORCELAINS

The Marmein Sisters, Dance Recitalists, Amusingly Portrayed by Goldberg

KATHARINE CORNELL

This young actress, whose mask is singularly suggestive of Duse in her earlier years, is comparatively new to Broadway, but the triumphs she has scored in quick succession inspire the hope that soon she may essay the great classic rôles and win rank among the most celebrated of American players

(A Camera study by Rabinovitch)

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Olla Podrida

Woodrow Wilson and the Theatre

IN the death of Woodrow Wilson, our beloved and distinguished war president—that great world figure which posterity one day will place upon the same pedestal with Washington and Lincoln—the theatre has lost a good and sympathetic friend. With few exceptions — President Coolidge is one of them—our American executives have been frequent playgoers. Washington's diary is full of reference to visits made to the playhouse, and it is on record that his favorite pieces were *The School for Scandal* and Dunlap's dramatic interlude, *Darby's Return*. His visits to the theatre were always marked with the greatest ceremony. The United States Coat of Arms was over the box that he occupied; soldiers were stationed at the theatre doors, and more soldiers were in the gallery, while everyone is familiar with the old engraving of Thomas Wignell, the famous actor-manager of the period, receiving Washington at the theatre door and walking backwards before him carrying two silver candlesticks. Abraham Lincoln welcomed the lighter diversions of the theatre as a relief from the cares of office. It was while laughing at a comedy scene in *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre that the bullet of the assassin, Wilkes Booth, ended the martyr president's glorious career. The presidential taste in dramatic fare—like that of royalty —has never been rated very high. Zealous press-agents are always eager to proclaim to the world that president this or that has endorsed their play, but to the discriminating this means little or nothing. A chief executive is too much taken up with public affairs to have time to keep in close touch with the literary and dramatic growth of his day. All he asks and seeks in the theatre is—not an intellectual problem —but some simple, humorous entertainment which will afford relief from the mental tension of executive responsibility. Woodrow Wilson for this reason preferred vaudeville. He had a special box at Keith's and every Monday evening might be seen there laughing at the crude jokes and colored comedian's slap-stick fooling as heartily as a sophomore. Such plays of the better class as were presented in Washington he also saw, but vaudeville was his favorite. The two-a-day actor will miss his hearty, infectious laugh, and players and the theatre in general, mourn a great and good friend.

The Shakespearean Record

THREE tragedians have played Hamlet this season and two actresses of youth and beauty have enacted the love-lorn Juliet. *Cymbeline* was revived after years of inactivity, and another genuine novelty, a revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* has been presented by Miss Jane Cowl and Mr. Rollo Peters as the protagonists. The *Taming of the Shrew, Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice* also had revivals. Thus, in a typical season, the record shows the presentation on Broadway of seven Shakespearean plays.

In London recently a public dinner was tendered to Miss Lillian Bayliss, lessee and manager of the "Old Vic" by the Elizabethan Literary Society in recognition of the fact that through her energy and enterprise the entire thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare had all been produced. An accomplishment such as this well deserves the tribute paid, and the entire feminine world can point with pride that such a feat was accomplished under the indefatigable direction of a woman.

Sir Sydney Lee, the well-known Shakespearean historian, in toasting the lady, meant well when he said: "Nor Garrick nor Phelps nor Irving nor Tree came within speaking distance of such an achievement as that." It is no disparagement to Miss Bayliss, but to correct the record, Sir Sydney must be contradicted, as he often has to be. Phelps at Sadler's Wells, in the mid-Victorian period, came distinctly close to Miss Bayliss' record. If he had only produced the three parts of *Henry VI, Titus Andronicus* and *Richard II* (why he never acted the royal weakling is a mystery) his score, too, would have been a perfect one. But like Miss Bayliss, Phelps was a missionary of taste, he brought the message of poetical beauty into a far from promising field, and by tact, energy and persistent effort built up a large and loyal following devoted to and appreciative of the best in histrionic art. Miss Bayliss has done the same.

Irving, under his own management, put on about eleven of the Master's plays, while Tree, at His Majesty's and elsewhere, produced with opulence and splendor something like fourteen of the Immortal thirty-seven.

Change the Matinée Time

THE suggestion, made by a number of prominent New York theatre clubs, that theatre managers should start their matinée performances at 2 P. M. instead of 2.30 P. M. is both practical and sensible. As pointed out by Mrs. Harry H. Thomas, President of the Century Theatre Club, the earlier curtain would enable playgoers to leave the theatre well before the evening homeward rush begins. Even on normal days traffic is frightfully congested in subways, on elevated lines and surface cars. On matinée days conditions are infinitely worse. This, it is claimed, could be avoided if the theatres emptied half an hour earlier. Suburbanites particularly would benefit by the change, as train schedules often necessitate leaving the theatre before the last act is finished. The players, also, should welcome it as it would give them more time for rest between the afternoon and evening performances. There should be no hesitation in adopting the plan, and there seem to be no difficulties in the way except hide-bound custom. It's not easy to teach an old horse new tricks. It took the managers a long time to learn that a woman theatre patron has no more right to obstruct the view of a person sitting behind her by wearing a hat during the performance, than a man has. It was the personal courage and bold initiative of a few determined individual women playgoers—not the managers—that in the early nineties brought about the women's-hats-off-in-the-theatre reform. Red tape and long-continued practice are difficult to overcome, but now that 6,000 club members—all frequent theatre-ticket buyers—request the change of matinée time, the Producing Managers' Association well may consider it.

Francine Larrimore, whose vivid personality, keen wit and arresting voice are dedicated to the interpretation of the leading rôle of the Harvard '47 workshop prize play, a comedy by Dorothy Kuhns Heyward which R. G. Herndon is giving production. The theatre's leading exponent of the racy humors of ultramodern sophistication is quaintly and demurely pictured here by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Truth About Commercialism In The Theatre

Our Stage a Tragic Joke Until Sound Business Methods Put it on a Paying Basis

By LEE SHUBERT

The names of the late Sam S. and the present associates, Lee and J. J. Shubert, are inextricably interwoven with the American stage during the last quarter of a century. Starting twenty-five years ago, at the bottom of the proverbial ladder, they were able—by virtue of a remarkable business sagacity—to rise to their present place and power. The story of their success, full of hardships and a bitter struggle with the theatrical Trust which, at one time, threatened the very life-blood of the profession, has never been adequately told. Today the Shuberts are one of the most important and influential theatrical concerns in the world. The accusation, sometimes levelled at them, of being real estate dealers rather than seekers after the best in the dramatic art, meets a forceful refutation in the following article, written specially for "Theatre Magazine."—EDITOR.

SOME people never seem to tire of flinging scathing criticisms at the theatre, and everything connected with it—which may be one reason for its prosperous longevity. We have just passed through a lively morality campaign—they occur about every seven years—and the din of verbal combat has hardly subsided when another champion of the ineffable virtues brandishes his pen and cries, "Commercialism!"

Commercialism! Scandalized idealists are forever decrying the damning influence of the commercial or business end of theatrical enterprise upon its artistic standards. The chief fault with these critics is their complete ignorance of theatrical history. As a target for many of their diatribes, I shall attempt to show, not only that they have no basis for their criticism, but that, were it not for this much-derided commercialism, the present artistic eminence of the American theatre could never have been realized.

As my twenty-five years experience in the theatre parallels the development of many present conditions and, in some respects, graphically illustrates the points I wish to emphasize, I may be pardoned for injecting a personal note into the argument. In those early days of our careers, my brother and I found the theatre a decidedly unhealthy institution. From a business viewpoint it was a tragic joke. The man who could be persuaded to invest his capital in a theatrical enterprise was put in a class with race-track gamblers and the like. The mere fact of association with the theatre earned one the stigma of irresponsibility. The woods were full of ill-paid playwrights and actors. The stage had no foundation and no direction. It was simply an expensive toy.

My brother and I made up our minds that the theatre could and should be made a decent, respectable and profitable business. We knew there was a steady, public demand for entertainment and we suspected that a much larger public could be reached if a better class of entertainment were provided. We determined to provide it. It did not seem so difficult—just a little judicious care in studying supply and demand, coupled with a mixture of ordinary business intelligence.

We soon discovered, however, that the rules and axioms of ordinary business are not entirely applicable to the business of the theatre. Supplying theatrical entertainment is a speculation and will always remain a speculation, because no man can accurately gauge the whims and fancies of the public, can foresee disconcerting news events, financial troubles—all the hundred and one elements which enter into the success or failure of such an undertaking.

"The element of personal vanity and envy is a very real menace to the successful exploitation of the theatrical business in general. I think I can say that my late brother, Sam S. Shubert, who founded our present firm, was entirely free from these fatal characteristics. I have been proud to follow and to profit by the principles—outlined in this article—which were natural to him, and which have proven to be the very cornerstone of what I claim, if I may, our substantial artistic and business success."

Realizing this fact we sought some basis of stabilization. This presented itself in the form of real property. We had seen so many producers sink their cash in dramatic vehicles—often of the most commendable, artistic nature—only to run against one of those unforeseen factors of chance, which drove them to the wall! They had nothing to fall back on. All their resources were involved in the problematical success of their enterprises. And yet, none of those old-timers ever attempted to safeguard their risks. There seemed to be an unwritten law that such a venture was to be considered a sort of sporting proposition—like a flyer in Wall Street—dependent entirely upon the foibles of luck.

Before we began producing plays, therefore, we decided to have something to offer an investor more tangible than the dubious potentialities of an author's manuscript. We began building theatres. Here was a sound financial asset to offset the fluctuating wind-vane of public fancy. What we lost on a production could be recovered through the leasing of our real property. We became, of necessity, what we have since been rather unflatteringly termed—theatrical real estate dealers. In other words, we introduced practical commercial methods into a flagrantly impractical and precarious profession. That this was not an unprofitable innovation for that profession I will presently attempt to show.

While we were struggling to realize this idea of ours we ran against an insidious and powerful obstruction in the form of a theatrical syndicate, which controlled—in one way or another—the majority of the country's playhouses. The men who operated this combination aimed to create a monoply or trust which could dominate and dictate to the profession for their own particular benefit.

I will not go into the details of the fight that ensued. It may be familiar to many of my readers. We had a sane commercial proposition to offer the men whose money helped us to weather the storm and, in the end, defeat the Trust. I mention it merely to bring out the point that "commercialism," as exemplified in the real estate firm of Lee and J. J. Shubert, was instrumental in lifting a yoke from the neck of the theatrical profession which might, otherwise, have kept it in vassalage for many years to come.

That fight had one important result. It demonstrated the correctness of our idea, not only to ourselves, but to many other managers, who at once began to apply it. Whatever obloquy may attach today to the term "theatrical real estate dealer" is, therefore, equally applicable to every successful producer on Broadway. Sam and William Harris, Brady, Cohan, Ziegfeld, the Theatre Guild, Dillingham, Marc Klaw, A. L. Erlanger, Belasco, Henry Miller—name as many as you like—they have all accepted the truth of the principle to which we dedicated ourselves over twenty-five years ago, that the main element of financial stability in the theatre is real property. However fortunate or sagacious they may have been, their success is, in the final analysis, founded on this fact.

I have made the foregoing somewhat personal digression to show the true manner in which commercialism has entered into the destiny and sustenance of the theatre. If my brother and I are to be held responsible for its introduction we are proud to be its sponsors. If this sordid commercialism has helped to make the American stage a legitimate, financial risk, stabilized its revenue, attracted real money to it, reduced its margin of chance, increased its facilities and widened its

(*Continued on page* 54)

Why I Don't Write More Serious Plays

Easy to Make People Cry but Difficult to Make Them Laugh, says Broadway's Most Successful Farce Writer

By AVERY HOPWOOD

PEOPLE are always asking me, "Why don't you write more serious plays?" My answer, briefly, could very well be, "because I prefer to write comedies." But perhaps I should give more specific reasons.

I do not write more serious plays, for one thing, because it is too easy. I mean, it is too easy to write the sort of serious plays with which our stage, lately, has been inundated. They are written, mostly, by men who think that they think, and who pretend to solve, in the course of a couple of hours, one or more of the great problems which confront humanity. I could not do that sort of thing, and retain my intellectual honesty. If I were to write serious plays, I would have to make them serious all the way through; I could not set forth a problem, then dodge the issue, and supply the audience with a forced and unnatural happy ending. Nor do I feel disposed, on the other hand, to harrow an audience for a couple of hours and then end upon a note which will send them away depressed.

I do not mean, of course, that all serious plays, or even all tragedies, are depressing. I remember, at college, we heard much of "the tragic katharsis" of Aristotle. This was his teaching, that, from the witnessing of a great tragedy, an audience derived a kind of "purification" or "katharsis." But, in my opinion, there is a comic, as well as a tragic, katharsis. And the majority of people, I feel reasonably certain, derive more benefit from a good comedy than from an equally good tragedy.

A LITERARY TRICK

THERE is always a disposition, of course, to place the serious novel or play above the novel or play which "merely entertains." Often lengthy dullness and prosiness is, in itself, impressive. I recall, in this connection, the experience of a friend of mine, who is rated as one of the greatest living English novelists. His first books were written in a lightly humorous vein, but, though they were adroit studies of human nature, and full of shrewd philosophy they were not taken seriously. He thought the matter over, and then, one day, he said to me:

"I am going to write a long, tiresome, ponderous book. There won't be a laugh in it. That's the only way that I can convince the public, and more especially the critics, that I am to be considered seriously."

He was as good as his word. He wrote the book. It was long, very long, and serious, very serious. And his prediction came true. The critics, and the public, looked upon him, at first with surprise, then with a new respect. They proclaimed his book a masterpiece—which, in matter of fact, it was—but it was not better than some of his earlier works. And now a peculiar thing happened. These earlier works were taken up and read with almost the same enthusiasm as had been accorded "the masterpiece." Now, whatever he writes, light or weighty, gay or sad, finds an immediate market. But it was the long, serious book which "put him over."

THE REQUISITE INTELLIGENCE

BUT to return to what I was saying about serious plays being easier to write than comedies. I had in mind particularly plays which deal with the primitive emotions of humanity—with love, hate, greed, jealousy, revenge, maternal affection, and the rest. A play built from such material is bound to win a response from its audience, because these are emotions which are shared by all, high or low, rich or poor, educated or ignorant. With comedy, it is a different matter. Comedy is the aristocrat of the theatre. It presupposes, among its followers, a considerable degree of intelligence. Of course, it does not require the brain of a Spencer or a Descartes to respond to the comedy of a clown falling over a chair. But it does require a certain discrimination and intelligence to grasp a comedy line or situation of some subtlety. I have seen a play like Shaw's *Man and Superman* performed in blank stillness, before an audience in a certain provincial town. Yet that same audience would have responded to every emotion in one of the good old melodramas. Every audience is stuffed full of human feeling, but many an audience is lacking in gray matter.

It is, therefore, more of an adventure to set before the popular taste a play in the comedy vein. And since the audience has to be more responsive, mentally, would it be conceited of me to suggest, that the playwright has to be more active, intellectually, when he contrives a comedy, than when he labors in the less arduous field of the "serious drama."

There is something about comedy that many people distrust. I suppose it may be an inheritance from the old, Puritan idea, that anything which pleased mankind could not be good. And as for comedy with a *risqué* tinge—that, in America, is all wrong. Of course, most of the world's masterpieces in literature are supplied with scenes, and expressions, that would make a reformer's hair stand on end. But about the classics the Purity Leagues preserve a cautious silence. Or else, they declare that when those things were written people didn't know any better.

Personally, I feel that *risqué* comedies have a distinct place on our stage and in our literature. The *risqué* occurs on every hand, in life, occurs amusingly and charmingly. Why should it not be shown in the theatre? It is impossible to have comedies of manners which do not represent the full spirit of the times. Milk-and-water plays are all very well for children, but I, for one, refuse to write for the child mind. I shall write for the mentally adult, or not at all. I shall even put a bed in a play occasionally, if I feel like it. One can't banish beds from the stage any more than one can banish them from life.

Speaking of beds reminds me of the fact that I am often referred to as a writer of "bedroom farce." As a matter of fact, out of twenty-five plays which I have had produced, only two plays of mine had beds in them. Of course, there was that third play, *The Girl in the Limousine,* which I rewrote, and which took place almost entirely in a bedroom. For two whole acts the hero and heroine were in and out and around and under the bed. I managed to get them away from it, however, for the third act. But from that day on I was labeled "the bedroom playwright."

I am not protesting. People love to label one. It saves so much thought. I remember that, because Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote, in her youth, a volume of rather flaming verse, she was forever after ticketed "The Poetess of Passion." And I suppose that when I am old and grizzled, and reduced to earning my living by working for the radio, I shall be forced to continue my nefarious career and devote myself to concocting sweet bedroom stories for the kiddies.

MORALS OR GOOD TASTE?

BUT to consider for a moment, with a little more seriousness, the question of the *risqué,* in the theatre. The question of what is, or is not, *risqué,* is of course, a very debatable one. Even at the risk of being excessively bromidic, I must pause to remark that morals are largely a question of geography. I had eloquent testimony of this when I was in Japan. I found that, in the Japanese theatre, people were never seen kissing, on the stage, for the very good reason that kissing of any kind is anathema in Japan. The Japanese find our osculatory practices most disgusting, and they cannot view with equanimity even the spectacle of a parent kissing a child.

We do not need to go to Japan, however, to find how opinion varies, in the matter of morality. Have we not our own precious institution of censorship, with a different set of morals for every state?

But though there is not, and there cannot be, a definite moral standard for everyone, there is, it seems to me, a fairly definite standard of good taste, and against this I have tried not to offend. I must confess that occasionally I have been shocked by one of my own lines. You see, it is quite one matter to write a line in one's study, shut in, in what one might call the writer's vacuum, and another thing to hear the line spoken on the stage, before a large, and

(*Continued on page* 56)

OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS—No. 2, MR. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

Who Knows Why Boys Leave Home. *Next Month: The Lad Who Loves Art*

The Merry Wives of Gotham

A Dual Interview with Grace George and Laura Hope Crews

By ADA PATTERSON

THE curtain has fallen with a soft swish upon the stage of the Henry Miller Theatre. No curtain would dare fall with a thud upon that sacred stage. One such indiscretion and it would be cast into the alley while another more elegant and sophisticated curtain would be ordered, expense disregarded. Humble I am led by a former distinguished actor of Wallack's, now door-keeper at the Henry Miller Theatre, into a white-and-pink room. The star's dressing-room. Grace George, golden as to hair, pink and white as to complexion, and regular as to features, tilts toward me as she tilts across the stage in the crinolines of the Civil War period. She is like a pink ostrich plume, beautiful, expensive, the last word in luxury.

GRACE GEORGE: Do you want to see us separately, or together?

HUMBLE I: My letter, you know, asked for a joint interview.

GRACE GEORGE (*tilts across to the door of her dressing-room, flings it open*): She wants to talk to us jointly. You will have to ask your callers to excuse you.

ENTER LAURA HOPE CREWS (*as deprecating as Grace George seems confident. She wears the tight, bosom-spanning, gingham dress of Mrs. Annie O'Tandy. She sits on the edge of her chair, as a freshman in a college for girls.*)

MISS GEORGE: Do you care if I eat my dinner while we talk?

HUMBLE I: Not at all.

MISS CREWS: Go on, Miss George.

MISS GEORGE: Look at that! I ordered rolls and cream. Nothing but beefsteak pie.

MISS CREWS (*looking sadly at me*): Wouldn't it be wonderful to order rolls and cream? (*Looks down at her curves and sighs.*)

HUMBLE I: You play twin sisters so well that I fancy you must have rehearsed a long time.

MISS CREWS: Yes. Three weeks.

HUMBLE I: But three weeks are the usual length of time for rehearsals. You work so harmoniously that—perhaps you had private rehearsals.

MISS GEORGE: Not we. We didn't like each other well enough.

MISS CREWS (*looking wounded*): O, Miss George.

MISS GEORGE: You know, strangers, and co-stars. Neither of us knew what tricks the other might play.

MISS CREWS: It has been a delight to play with Miss George. She plays Anne so humanly that she convinces me. In the second act, while we are sitting outside the cabin, and she puts her hand on mine I have a thrill.

(*Miss George disengages herself from her beefsteak pie, looks over her shoulder and smiles.*)

MISS CREWS: It is true.

HUMBLE I: Isn't it difficult to manage your crinolines, Miss George?

MISS GEORGE: No. We had five dress rehearsals. Don't you like the clothes? The man who designed my gowns for Marie Antoinette designed these. I want to give him credit.

HUMBLE I: We are accustomed to seeing you in beautiful costumes, Miss Crews. How does it seem to wear gingham dresses and big shoes?

MISS CREWS (*with genuine enthusiasm*): It is an immeasurable relief. No clothes worries! I got two of the dresses from an old woman who had worn them herself in that period. The third I bought on Fourteenth Street. I was delighted to go from Thurn's to Hearn's (*she thrust forth feet that we remember as twin dainties in "Mrs. Pim Passes By," and "The Romances of Arabella," and in "Changelings."*) I love these cloth shoes. These, I would have you remember, are prunellas. I hope I will never have to wear fashionable clothes again on the stage. In old clothes I feel, literally and mentally, unrestricted.

HUMBLE I: Why did Mr. Miller come to choose you to play twin sisters?

MISS CREWS: He had the play and I am under a contract to him. He made a survey of the English and American stage and Miss George was the only one to play Anne.

HUMBLE (*but daring*) I: Just why?

MISS CREWS (*hesitatingly*): He thinks we look alike. Others have told me that I remind them of Miss George. (*Hesitant.*) Haven't you heard so, Miss George?

MISS GEORGE (*to panting messenger*): I wanted rolls and cream, but you are too late. You may go.

HUMBLE I: How do you like your rôles?

MISS CREWS: I would be glad to play Annie O'Tandy the rest of my life. Miss George cannot be expected to like Anne so well. She has been a star so long.

MISS GEORGE: Anne is a rather artificial part. Of course it does not offer the range that Cyprienne in *Divorçons* did for instance. But I should be glad to play her for years. Playing her is like a vacation. I am so happy to be free from the cares of a producer. Deciding how many yards of drapery are needed for this scene and struggling with a stupid actor throughout the play! It is pleasant to leave the worrying to some one else. I am content to let Mr. Miller worry about details. He is able to carry the burden. He is a great manager.

MISS CREWS: He is the greatest in the theatre today. People do not know how great a genius he is. It will not be known until after he is dead. The side glance at each other while we are in the office, one of the most effective moments of the play, neither of us thought of. He did.

MISS GEORGE: I was a little afraid of him at first. I had heard he is difficult at rehearsals. On the contrary our rehearsals passed pleasantly away. There were no furies. Or, at least, the only one was off stage. As I was leaving one evening, I saw Mr. Miller examining some yellow curtains. He was turning them over on the piano. "What do you think of these for your morning room?" he asked. I answered, "I think they are awful. I cannot imagine anything more cruel than to have such a background for one of my coloring. It would put all the light out of her." His look was not complimentary. "What colors should she have?" he asked. "Mauves or blues," I said. The next day there was a mass of beautiful blues on the piano. He said, "I was furious at you last night. Because I knew you were right."

HUMBLE I: Miss Crews, your audiences are puzzled by your hair. They remembered it as golden. Now you are red. Pardon me. Is that a wig?

MISS CREWS: My hair is *au naturel*. Always has been. The reason it looks red now is that we use pink lights.

HUMBLE I: What are your reactions to the parts?

(*Miss George shakes her head and eats more beefsteak pie. Silent drama for "there is no reaction."*)

HUMBLE I (*persistently*): I am sure that every rôle of any significance teaches its lesson. Actors have told me that from one part long played they had learned patience. From another courage. From another justice.

MISS CREWS: I think Annie O'Tandy has taught me the value of simplicity and straightforwardness. There is one line at the end of the second act that you may remember. Her husband has gone in pursuit of Major Fowler. Her daughter has married the son of their presumed enemy. She is left alone at the cabin door. She utters three words. "Guide me straight."

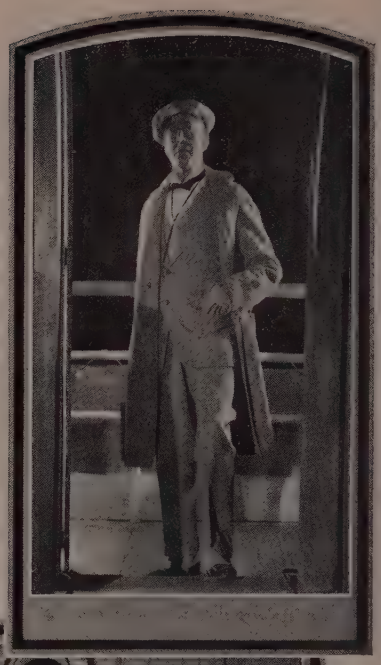
HUMBLE I: Maude Adams told me that seeing straight is so unusual that she had made it her definition for genius.

MISS CREWS (*laughingly softly*): I believe it. Annie O'Tandy has taught me that when I think I am in the midst of confusion, puzzled, angry, uncertain, my aim must be to see straight. Miss George has taught me something like it. When I know there are celebrities in the audience I am shy and likely to fumble. The other night someone told us of a celebrity in the audience. Miss George, instead of being panicky, drove her speeches with more force than ever. I was prostrate before her in wonder and admiration. She was seeing straight. (*She rose, stood, hesitating.*)

MISS GEORGE: Run along to your friends and your beau.

(*Continued on page* 56)

The Merry Wives of Gotham, Laura Hope Crews and Grace George, who move as twin sisters, unconscious of their true relation, through the delicate humor and gentle pathos of Lawrence Eyre's delightful comedy of old New York. As the orphans, adopted into different stations, yet attracted to each other by a mutual sense of humor and drawn by a bewildering bond they cannot understand, the charming stars, sketched here by R. L. Leonard, give two of the most effective performances of the season



(*Below*) Alfred Lunt as Mr. Prior, the sensualist. (*Right*) Eugene Powers as Mr. Lingley, "of Lingley Ltd.," the materialist. (*Left*) Lyonel Watts as Reverend William Duke, the spiritual

(*Above*) The passengers who are dead discover the pitiful Half-Ways, a young couple doomed to wander through the chasm between Life and Death until the time when they would have died had they not been driven to suicide by the woes of their lives and the fear of separation

Photos by Ira Schwartz

(*Left*) The Half-Ways, left by the Dead alone on the weird steamer, make a last desperate fight against separation

THE NEW PLAY

"Outward Bound," an Unusual and Moving Drama of Death

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Way Things Happen

Drama in three acts by Clemence Dane. Produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Lyceum Theatre on January 28, with this cast:

Mrs. Farren, Zeffie Tilbury; Shirley Pryde, Katherine Cornell; Martin Farren, Tom Nesbitt; Harness, Augusta Haviland; Muriel Hanbury, Helen Robbins; Chussie Hare, Reginald Sheffield; Bennett Lomax, Ivan Simpson; Mrs. Hanbury, Lillian Brennard; Dr. Rodson, T. Wigney Percyval; A Porter, Orlando Smith.

THE author of the brilliant *A Bill of Divorcement* will add nothing to her reputation with this play. It is almost incredible that a theatre craftsman as expert, as relentlessly logical as Miss Dane proved herself to be in the piece that first gave her an American vogue, a literary worker as conscientious and poetically gifted as she was revealed in *Will Shakespeare,* should have put her name to the pointless, commonplace drama presented at the Lyceum Theatre, under the wholly false and misleading title, *The Way Things Happen.*

Things don't happen that way. It is contrary to human experience. The hero's an unmitigated cad. The heroine a poor weak fool. What hope has any play with such a proposition as that?

The plot has to do with middle-class people living in the suburbs of London. The family consists of Mrs. Farren and her son Martin, a clerk in a bank. Living with them is Shirley Pryde, an orphan occupying a humble position in the household and secretly in love with Martin, who never as much as gives her a look. He is engaged to marry Muriel, a flashy, pleasure-loving young woman, whose expensive habits make such inroads on his purse that one day, in a weak moment, he abuses his position in the bank, steals a bond and raises money on it, intending to redeem it later. But he has lost the receipt and, in great mental anguish, he confides his trouble to Shirley. He goes away with his fiancée, and Bennett Lomax, the villain, comes in. He is in love with Shirley—must have her at any price. He has in his possession the lost receipt. If Shirley will come to his rooms she can have the paper. If not, Martin goes to jail. The girl is horror-stricken. Every decent instinct in her recoils from the infamous proposition. But she loves Martin. It shall be her sacrifice to her unavowed love.

The absurdity of the situation is apparent. There was absolutely no need for her surrender. All she had to do was to acquaint Martin with the fact that Lomax had the receipt and let him attend to it. But Miss Dane had determined on the situation, no matter how ridiculous, and so logic is thrown to the winds.

Was Martin grateful? Not a bit of it. When he heard of the horrible thing Shirley had done for him, instead of going down on his knees to a saint, he stormed and bellowed about the injury done his honor. In a fit of rage he tears up the receipt which has cost so much, and goes to jail. When he comes out, two years later, his mother is dead, but Shirley greets him kindly, wistfully. But, still blind as a bat, he treats her gruffly, blaming her for everything. It's only when she smacks his face that he realizes that she's the girl he's loved all along.

Katherine Cornell, as the despised, misunderstood Shirley, confirmed the impression I have had on seeing her in each part in which she has appeared—that here we have a young actress of exceptional promise and one that, given a few more years artistic growth, will know no limitations to the rôles she will be capable of playing—practically everything in the range of drama. With a singularly expressive face, one which reflects physical as well as spiritual beauty, a strangely pliable mask, now of surpassing loveliness, now repellently ugly, a keen intelligence, a cultivated, appealing voice, full of pathos and human tones—now strident in outburst of rage, now charmingly modulated—a vast reserve of emotional power—what rôle is there this actress might not attempt? I should like to see her in the classic rôles—Lady Teazle, Camille, Lady Macbeth. With a mask singularly reminiscent of Duse in her youth—who knows—in this interesting, sad-eyed, young actress we may have an American Duse of future years.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH—Interesting drama of circus life, splendidly acted by Lionel Barrymore and supporting cast. One of Belasco's finished productions.

OUTWARD BOUND—A most unusual and absorbingly interesting play dealing with the hereafter.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted by Winifred Lenihan and associates.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest thing ever seen in this country.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and associates.

WHITE CARGO—A vivid play of the primitive. Expert and powerful drama of African station life acted with special distinction.

The Goose Hangs High

Play in three acts by Lewis Beach. Produced by Dramatists Theatre, Inc., at the Bijou Theatre on January 29, with this cast:

Bernard Ingals, Norman Trevor; Eunice Ingals, Katherine Grey; Noel Derby, William Seymour; Leo Day, Purnel Pratt; Rhoda, Florence Pendleton; Julia Murdoch, Lorna Elliott; Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen; Hugh Ingals, John Marston; Ronald Murdoch, Geoffrey Wardwell; Lois Ingals, Miriam Doyle; Bradley Ingals, Eric Dressler; Dagmar Carroll, Shirley Warde; Elliott Kimberley, Harry Cowley; Dazzler, (By Himself).

HERE is a play that should give comfort to every perplexed and distracted parent throughout the land. Mothers and fathers who are troubled at what they believe college life is doing to their sons and daughters, transforming well-mannered, guileless, innocent (more or less) boys and girls into fresh, fox-trotting cake-eaters and bobbed-haired, lip-sticked, cigarette-smoking flappers, will find that their fears are quite groundless, that when the emergency arises the dear children know how to put aside their nonsense and always turn up trumps. This gratifying assurance alone ensures the popularity of the play in every anxious home in the country.

The scene is laid in the Middle West, in the well-appointed, historic home of Bernard Ingals, who, for fifteen years, has held the position of city assessor. Ingals and his wife Eunice are far from rich, but by dint of much self-denial they have managed to send to college their son Hugh, also their lively twins, Lois and Bradley. But college, as noted by the parents with dismay, and by Mrs. Bradley, the children's aristocratic, octogenarian aunt, to her disgust, has taught the children only bad manners and extravagance. Their one thought seems to be the shirking of responsibility and how much selfish pleasure they can get out of life. Lois paints her face, smokes endless cigarettes and is not innocent to the flavor of a cocktail. The boys drink and jazz and gamble.

While all three are home for a holiday, giving their punctilious aunt deeper offense every day by their atrocious behavior, something happens. Mr. Ingals, whose position as a city official is none too secure owing to his being unpopular with the corrupt gang that runs the City Hall, is threatened by the political boss with loss of his position unless he reinstates a discharged stenographer who happens to be the boss' protégée. Rather than obey Ingals resigns his job. This step, however, is no sooner taken that he realizes, with consternation, that it leaves him without an income. He has no money saved, sending the children to college having taken all his means. He and his wife are panic-stricken. The children must go back to college. What can be done? In the dilemma they appeal to the rich aunt. Won't she tide them over? No, she decidedly will not. In her opinion college has ruined the children. Not a penny of hers shall be spent on sending them back there.

Lois and her brothers return hastily from a dance in obedience to the aunt's telephone summons. They come in grumbling. They were having such a good time. Why should their fun be spoiled? Severely, but without hope it will make any impression, the aunt acquaints them with what has happened. The sons and daughter gasp. They never thought anything like that could happen. Yet, says Lois, she's sick of college anyway. She'll knuckle down to tacks and get something to do. The boys

will seek a job at once. Hugh had saved up a thousand dollars for his marriage. He forces the money on his astonished father as a loan.

Thus, when the crisis came, it is found that college has not hurt them after all. It was only a very thin veneer of frivolity they had affected. The fundamentals were sound and unspoiled. All of which may or may not be reasonable.

Norman Trevor, as the father, has a rôle that suits him better than any he has played in a long time. That old time favorite, Katherine Grey, is very sweet and sympathetic as the mother. Dear old Mrs. Whiffen is capital, as the practical-minded, old-fashioned aunt. Miriam Doyle puts vim and intelligence and no little personal charm into her personation of Lois and Eric Dressler scores as her fellow twin. John Marston does creditably as the elder brother.

Mister Pitt

Play in three acts by Zona Gale. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on January 22, with this cast:

Rachel Arrowsmith, Antoinette Perry; The Reverend Mr. Barden, Frederick Webber; Mrs. Barden, Laura Sherry; Mrs. Arrowsmith, Adelaide Fitz-Allen; Milly, Marion Allen; Marshall Pitt, Walter Huston; Barbara Ellsworth, Minna Gombell; Mis' Hellie Cooper, Ethel Wright; Buck Carbury, Parker Fennelly; Mayme Carbury, Helen Sheridan; Winnie, Florence Barrie; Elsie, Catherine Sayre; Carrie, Mildred Miller; Mis' Matt Barber, Emily Lorraine; Mis' Henry Bates, Marie Haynes; Mis' Nick True, Minnie Milne; Max Bayard, C. Henry Gordon; Jeffrey Pitt, Borden Harriman; Bonny, Florence Peterson.

THERE is really no artistic objection to the episodic as a form of theatrical expression. But the author who sees fit to employ this medium must see to it that in his multiplicity of scenes there is a certain standard of excellence. It will not do if some are fair, some good and a few admirable. And still more important is it that the protagonist of the shifting background shall be a character that invites and commands interest.

Miss Zona Gale has employed the episodic medium for her latest play, *Mister Pitt,* recently produced by Brock Pemberton at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Eleven scenes are needed to retail the life history of the title-rôle, a masculine Pollyanna, gentle, kind, stupid and willing, but so tediously worthy, that were it not for the really exquisite, natural acting of Walter Huston he'd be declared, offhand, a consummate bore and nuisance. Pitt is a very human character, delineated with fine skill by Miss Gale, but he is so ineffably good and so fearfully invertebrate that it takes all Mr. Huston's art, and it is a very noble one, in its beauty and conviction, to make him endurable. His wife couldn't endure him and runs off with a trombone player. How Mister Pitt suffers through all this is the gist of the play.

There are some standard sketches of local character nicely drawn and neatly acted, but the value of the piece is in two or three scenes—particularly the elopement, an admirable and consistent mixture of tragedy and general mirth. The wife—who marries for freedom—only to find herself more than ever tied down to life on Main Street, is acted with astonishing variety, skill and feeling by Minna Gombell. The seductive trombone player is admirably acted by C. Henry Gordon and Borden Harriman as Mister Pitt, Jr., acts with nice youthful ingenuousness in a final act, the reason for which is difficult to determine.

It may be merely the exposition of a personality—perhaps it's their art, but Mr. Huston is very fine and real as Mister Pitt.

Fashion

Comedy in three acts by Anna Cora Mowatt. Revived at the Provincetown Playhouse February 3, with the following cast:

Zeke, George Brown; Millinette, Mary Blair; Mr. Tiffany, Romeyn Benjamin; Mrs. Tiffany, Clare Eames; Snobson, Allen W. Nagle Seraphina, Helen Freeman; T. Tennyson Twinkle, Charles Ellis; Augustus Fogg, Harold McGee; Count Jolimaitre, Stanley Howlett; Adam Trueman, Perry Ivins, Gertrude, Mary Morris; Colonel Howard, Walter Abel; Prudence, Ruza Wenclawska.

"*FASHION* is theatrical, but not dramatic. In the category—total deficiency in verisimilitude—we must include the rectangular crossings and recrossings of the *dramatis personae* on the stage; the coming forward to the foot-lights when anything of interest is to be told; the reading of private letters in a loud rhetorical tone; and preposterous soliloquizing; and the even more preposterous 'asides.'"

Ninety years ago when Edgar Allan Poe reviewed the original production of Anna Cora Mowatt's comedy he made the above comments. It is easier to plagiarize than to say the very same thing, dressing it in different words.

But what a lot of fun the "deficiencies in verisimiltude" of this 1845 comedy affords theatregoers in this year of 1924! It has all the piquancy and thrilling charm of the antiquated—the creation of a dead and bygone past. One experiences the same delicious thrills as when glancing over Godey's *Ladies' Book;* fingering a faded daguerreotype, or reading McGuffey's *First Reader.* But with all the fun of projecting oneself into a dusty bygone age, there is the sudden pang, not a little painful, of realizing that some day, a century from now, sophisticated theatregoers of the year 2000 will snicker at the puerile dramatic fare of the present day.

I laughed and chuckled through the opening night at the creaky mechanism of Anna Cora Mowatt's "extraordinary attraction," as it was billed in the days when theatre advertising was bombastic and filled with verbosities. I snickered at the preachments; at the obvious enfoldment of the plot; at the dashings about of the actors. I grew hilarious at their bellowed "asides" and doubled up with mirth during the sad parts of the play. But all the time I said to myself: "We, too, shall pass. Even our 'advanced' dramatic art cannot possibly seem advanced a century from now."

Fashion is undoubtedly a success. Its revival is a fortunate happening for theatregoers who enjoy the unique. But its flavor would have been mightily enhanced had all the members of the cast been able to satirize seriously. Several of those in the cast, including Clare Eames, themselves poke fun at the time-worn characters they depict. They burlesque them, and seem always to be taking the audience into their confidence, as though to say: "Wasn't acting in those days a scream?"

Mary Morris, in one of the leading rôles, fortunately is a mistress of satire. She plays the cloying Gertrude as the actress must, or should, have played her, when *Fashion* was first presented in 1848. She realizes that it isn't necessary to work hard to get laughs. She understands that all she is called upon to do is to simply be the sweet young thing of the lavender and old-lace period, when young girls' lips were innocent of cocktails, when they always dressed in virgin white, respected their elders, and frowned on petting parties—in short an extinct species. Even her facial expression, her gestures and her postures bespeak the type of girl who would dote on Elsie Dinsmore.

Walter Abel also takes himself seriously as the young captain who loves this paragon of feminine virtues, thus making his characterization a thing of delight. Perry Ivins, as the upright old farmer, whom Anna Cora Mowatt uses as her protagonist to denounce all the frivolities of a life of fashion, is another able satirist.

This dramatic novelty is well staged and directed, and, altogether, is a production which enlivens and enriches the theatrical season.

The Show-Off

Comedy in three acts by George Kelly. Produced by Stewart and French at the Playhouse on February 4, with the following cast:

Clara, Juliette Crosby; Mrs. Fisher, Helen Lowell; Amy, Regina Wallace; Frank Hyland, Guy D'Ennery; Mr. Fisher, C. W. Goodrich; Joe, Lee Tracy; Aubrey Piper, Louis John Bartels; Mr. Gill, Francis Pierlot; Mr. Rogers, Joseph Clayton.

THIS piece, elaborated from a successful vaudeville sketch, promises to be one of the substantial hits of the season. The play's setting is lower Main Street, but Aubrey Piper, the show-off, is universal. It is his universality which makes him so easily recognizable. It is this very factor which will give longevity to this new comedy by the author of *The Torch-Bearers.* Show-offs are to be found in every walk of life, and in every city and village of the country. Insufferable bores, they thrust their mediocrity upon long-suffering relatives and associates, spinning out tiresome yarns about their self-imagined achievements, dotting every dozen words with a raucous laugh.

The show-off of the present play is a blow-hard, a thirty-two-dollar-a-week clerk with a million-dollar imagination and an exceedingly irritating personality. He marries a middle-class girl who, loving him, fails to see his weaknesses. His mother-in-law and all his other relatives loathe his personality, and, being middle-class, lack the diplomacy to conceal their loathing. They hate to listen to his exaggerations, his platitudes, his catch-phrases, and be pounded on the back by his ever-friendly hand.

By every right the show-off should be detested for an insect and a braggart. But Louis John Bartels makes him a lovable creature despite his obnoxious traits. Plainly he sympathizes with a man so harshly treated by nature at the start. It is just this understanding sympathy which makes Mr. Bartels' portrayal unusually successful. Here is an actor with an insight into character, who knows how to subtly shade comedy with pathos, and give a quality of fineness to even such a bumptious chap as Piper. Mr. Bartels is on Broadway to stay a long time and his rôles are bound to be increasingly weighty.

Eddie Cantor and the winsome Mary Eaton, late of the *Follies* prima ballerina, with whom he shares his stellar honors

Jobyna Howland, the Junoesque comedienne, as Dr. Josephine Fitch

Beth Beri, who dances, and makes the personal hit of the show

The Everglades Golf Club, Palm Beach, where the lively action occurs

THE NEW PLAY

Eddie Cantor Stars in Ziegfeld's New Musical Show, "Kid Boots"

Count Jolimaitre (*Mr. Stanley Howlett*), the rogue of the piece. An importation whose fashions are more authoritative than his title

Gertrude (*Miss Mary Morris*), *giving her hand to Colonel Howard* (*Mr. Walter Abel*) I rejoice too much at having found a parent for my first act to be one of disobedience

Mrs. Tiffany (*Miss Clare Eames*), the lady of fashion, with a coquettish daughter, a wealthy husband, and a maid to instruct her in *les modes de Paris*

Photos by Goldberg

LE POLKA!

In the elegant mansion of fashionable Mrs. Tiffany the grand ballroom scene affords this amusing glimpse of the dance and flirtation of the forties

THE NEW PLAY

"Fashion," Provincetown Players' Quaint Revival of a Hit of 1845

Helen Lowell is a sheer delight as the Main Street Mother, another universal type. Many middle-class daughters and sons will see in her their own mothers' foibles and virtues. Francis Pierlot, in another character part, that of an old factory worker, lifts a seemingly unimportant bit far above the level to which it might have sunk in less competent hands.

Juliette Crosby, as the elder daughter who tries to smooth out domestic tangles, though hugging to herself the bitter thought that she is an unloved wife, and Regina Wallace, as her younger sister, interpret capably and with deft touches their respective rôles of middle-class married women.

The *Show-Off* is destined for a long run, and much of its success is due to the excellent teamwork of an excellent cast.

The New Englander

Comedy in four acts by Abby Merchant. Produced by Equity Players, Inc., at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre on February 7, with the following cast:

Mrs. Ellery, Katherine Emmet; Helen Estabrook, Louise Huff; Robert Keene, Gilbert Emery; Annie Bennett, Helen Strickland; Seth Ellery, Alan Birmingham; James McCall, Arthur Shaw.

THERE are two mysteries connected with the play, neither of them having anything to do with the plot. The first mystery concerns the title, and the subtitle, "A study of New England Character." Why not have called it *The Southerner* or *The Middle-Westerner?* The play reveals honesty and dishonesty, traits of men and women in all parts of the country. New England assuredly hasn't a corner on them. The second mystery is why the Equity Players selected it at all. After *Neighbors* went to pot, it should not have been difficult to guess that *The New Englander* was destined to travel the same inglorious road.

The author has exalted one character, intending to have her the strong woman around whom the weaker characters vacillate. This woman, a widow, has a son who is following in his father's footsteps—juggling with money which does not belong to him. The mother has always held herself to blame for her husband's thefts, because she always smoothed the path for him, making good his defalcations. When her son steals the inheritance left to his fiancée by her father, who, incidentally, killed himself because his partner—the boy's father—ruined the firm, she decides to make him pay. He is arrested, let out on bond, and, when he threatens to jump his bail, poisons herself after making out her will in his favor.

Katherine Emmet is a gracious and charming mother, though too gentle and ethereal to reveal such sources of uncompromising strength of character. Louise Huff is too saccharinely sweet as the sweetheart, and her shrill, inadequate voice is unsuited for the emotional rôle assigned to her. Alan Birmingham is satisfyingly weak and conscienceless as the son. Helen Strickland, as the austere family servant; Gilbert Emery, the faithful and irascible friend, and Arthur Shaw, the slangy pal of the weakling, are excellent in their separate rôles. In fact, the acting is better than the play.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven

Drama in three acts by Hatcher Hughes. Produced by Marc Klaw, Inc., at the Frazee Theatre on January 22, with the following cast:

David Hunt, Augustin Duncan; Meg Hunt, Clara Blandick; Sid Hunt, George Abbott; Rufe Pryor, John F. Hamilton; Matt Hunt, Burke Clarke; Andy Lowry, Glenn Anders; Jude Lowry, Margaret Borough.

THIS play, first cousin of *Sun-Up,* is another drama of mountain folk, moonshine and feuds, with virility enough to survive a series of special matinées, a blighting handicap for almost any production. It is a vivid drama of Carolina mountaineers, who call their fathers "Pappy," and say "we shore do" profusely. The hero talks with delightful frankness about his "drawers," and the women folk unblushingly prattle about cows' "teats," while a virile mountaineer calls a chap he doesn't like a "bastard."

The theme has to do with religious fanaticism, and the malevolence of a fanatic who ties up his earthly desires with his faith in God. He believes himself an agent of the Lord, and when he makes a mistake blames the Deity for it, thus working out a comfortable course for himself. His passion for the young daughter of a mountaineer prompts him to blow up dams, revive smoldering feuds, and incite murder, all under the cloak of religion.

The piece has real power if occasionally it verges on melodrama. There are too many threats and not enough red-blooded action. The central figure is a Machiavelian character, an Iago, reeking with hypocrisy and villainy under an unctious and saintly manner. John F. Hamilton, endowed by nature with just the right physique for this rôle, contributes an almost flawless portrait of a pious rogue, determined to achieve his desires at any cost.

While the other rôles are subordinate, their interpreters make the characters they portray thoroughly human. Augustin Duncan is a picturesque figure as a patriarch among the rugged mountaineers. He also staged this vital production which, with *Sun-Up,* gives Broadway an insight into the life of a certain class of people about whom, hitherto, Broadway has known little except, perhaps, that they manufacture "moonshine" and generally murder the English language.

New Toys

A comedy of married life in three acts by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Milton Herbert Gropper, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Fulton Theatre on February 18, with the following cast:

Ruth Webb, Vivienne Osborne; Will Webb, Ernest Truex; George Clark, Robert McWade; Mrs. Warner, Louise Closser Hale; Kate Wilks, Frances Nelson; Sam Wilks, Robert E. O'Connor; Natalie Wood, Mary Duncan; Tom Lawrence, James Spottswood.

A COMEDY of the second year with that pathetic comedian Ernest Truex, in the rôle of a browbeaten and discouraged young husband, this play begins with a promise it fails to fulfil. It is mildly amusing when it might have been highly so. The sad misadventures and misunderstandings of the newly-weds have been the cream of the farce fare for years, and this new opus adds little to the traditional fun elements. It has the familiar dinner-party with too few dishes, the bootlegger, the mother-in-law, the small-time vampire, the comedy neighbors and all the conventional components of the married-life farce.

This time the wife has ambitions to become an actress. There is a baby. Nevertheless, the hectic disadvantages of the second year thrust her from the home and fireside into a show which flops. While her attention is engaged by it, however, the husband revives a flirtation with an old sweetheart, from which he is rescued just in time by the expeditious playwrights. Had the show been a success, and the wife a good actress, the play might have had a different ending. Grandmother tells the baby a bedtime story about "new toys," hence the philosophic titling. However, everybody goes back to the old toys and the honor of one more American home is saved.

The cast is admirable. Vivienne Osborne, as the young wife, and Louise Closser Hale, as a deftly drawn and uncaricatured mother-in-law, divide honors with Mr. Truex, who is his usual expert and humorously pitiful self in this rôle of the tried and tempted husband.

Though a pleasant enough evening's entertainment, *New Toys* is hardly a significant contribution to the comedy of American manners.

Beggar on Horseback

Play in two parts, adapted from a play by Paul Apel, by Geo. S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Pantomime and music by Deems Taylor. Produced by Winthrop Ames at the Broadhurst Theatre February 12, with this cast:

Dr. Albert Rice, Richard Barbee; Cynthia Mason, Kay Johnson; Neil McRae, Roland Young; Mr. Cady, George W. Barbier; Mrs. Cady, Marion Ballou; Gladys Cady, Anne Carpenger; Homer Cady, Osgood Perkins; Crown Prince, George Mitchell; Crown Princess, Grethe Ruzt-Nissen; Lady in Waiting, Spring Byington; Lord of the Bedchamber, Drake DeKay; A Lamplighter, Tom Raynor; A Policeman, Edwin Argus; Cæsar and Pompey, Joseph Hamilton and Herbert James.

IN a season that has brought forward many unusual plays, *Beggar on Horseback* is perhaps the most unusual. And, as is customary with most pieces with an unconventional and novel twist, its main idea is of foreign origin. The German author Paul Apel wrote a play which he called *Johnny Heavenstormer's Descent to Hell,* and on the framework of this Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly have built their present play. That they have vastly improved on the original goes without saying. The dream device, with the amusing comedy situations, romance and spectacle, is entirely the invention of the German author, but the American adapters have introduced much felicitous burlesque, notably in the factory scene, which is entirely local in its allusions and obviously not in the original at all. All this, with Deems Taylor's accompanying music, makes hilarious and delightful entertainment.

The plot has to do with a young composer who aspires to write good music, but is compelled by grinding poverty to cater to the low-brow. Only one person understands him, Cynthia, a sweet young thing who lives across the hall. Gladys Cady, the pert, flashy daughter of a vulgar millionaire family, is eager to marry the composer, and papa Cady urges the young man to drop all high falutin notions and give the public some real music. Urged by his friends—the gentle Cynthia among them—to enter into a match that will relieve him of all financial worry, Neil, the composer, yields to economic pressure only to regret it

(*Continued on page* 62)

Bel-Geddes—Master of the Scenic Art

Extraordinary Vision and Skill of Young American Designer Helped Achieve "The Miracle"

By GRENVILLE VERNON

JUST thirty and looking younger still, with tousled blond hair brushed back from his forehead, short in stature, at once eager and restrained in manner—Norman Bel-Geddes has at last come into his own.

At Mr. Otto Kahn's farewell dinner to Max Reinhardt the great German stage director in referring to Mr. Geddes declared: "Europe today does not possess his rival in his chosen field," while in a letter to Geddes, Reinhardt wrote: "Working with you was pure joy. Among the many artists with whom I have collaborated in more than twenty-five years, I have never met any one of such rapid conception, of such flawless understanding."

All those who have seen *The Miracle,* at the Century Theatre, have seen the result of this collaboration between the world's most famous stage director and this young American artist, and all must have realized that the young American's contribution was scarcely less important than that of the great producer. In Eugene O'Neill, America has at last a dramatist worthy to stand beside those of England and the Continent; and in Norman Bel-Geddes a scenic artist perhaps even more vital and original.

Yet young Mr. Geddes has had to fight to win this place, a fight which at times through the lack of understanding and the narrowness of vision of some of his employers, would have crushed a less ardent spirit. Opera-goers remember his productions of *Cleopatra's Night* and *The Legend* at the Metropolitan Opera House, and of the ballet, *Boudoir,* given by the Chicago Opera Association, while his scenic investiture for Montemezzi's *Le Nave,* unfortunately never seen outside Chicago, was said by those who saw it, to have been one of the most gorgeous productions ever placed upon the stage. But, in all these productions, as well as in those which he designed for the commercial theatre, he found himself hampered by external circumstances. It was Max Reinhardt who gave him his first real opportunity to spread his wings.

One day last Spring, a New York dramatic critic telephoned to Mr. Geddes, asking him if he wouldn't like to meet Max Reinhardt, who had just arrived in New York. Geddes had always been a great admirer of Reinhardt, yet somehow he didn't want to meet him in this way. He explained that he detested perfunctory presentations and hand-shakings, and he was sure that Reinhardt did as well; and that as he spoke no German and Reinhardt no English, Mr. Reinhardt would probably be utterly bored. Two days later he received another telephone call—this time from Rudolf Kommer, Mr. Reinhardt's personal representative. Mr. Kommer wished Geddes to meet Reinhardt. Though Geddes had completely forgotten it Kommer had met him seven years before in Los Angeles, and had admired his production there of *Nju.* Oddly enough, Mr. Kommer knew nothing of his previous refusal, but once more he refused. Early

Goldberg

NORMAN BEL-GEDDES

whose conversion of the Century Theatre into a mediæval Gothic cathedral for *The Miracle* was hailed as the scenic achievement of the modern theatre

the next morning Mr. Kommer called Geddes up again.

"Mr. Geddes," he said laughing, "Mr. Reinhardt insists that he must meet you. He says it's the first time in his whole career that a man connected with the theatre has refused to meet him, and he wants to see what kind of man you are!"

This time Geddes didn't refuse and the next afternoon at four o'clock Kommer brought Reinhardt to his studio. They had intended to stay half an hour; when they got up to go it was twenty-five minutes to eleven, and none of them had had any dinner! Moreover Reinhardt had arrived with his mind already made up to bring over the complete London production of *The Miracle*—he went away with this idea completely abandoned and the young man whom he had met only that afternoon already firmly established as his collaborator. Before Mr. Geddes sailed for Europe in June, he had completed the drawings for the transformation of the Century Theatre into a cathedral, a cathedral of an entirely original plan and copied from no existing building. Indeed at the time the young architect had never been out of America, and of course had seen none of the great cathedrals of the world. At Salzburg, Geddes stayed with Reinhardt at his castle and there they evolved together a number of the episodes of the spectacle. In addition Geddes made drawings for no less than 470 complete costumes.

On his return to America, Mr. Geddes at once set to work to install an entirely new system of lighting into the Century, a system which included five complete switchboards worked by telephone from a central station in the gallery, and this work with the supervising of the construction of the scenery and the making of the costumes kept him busy night and day.

The best proof of his success is that when Mr. Reinhardt arrived and saw what he had done, he at once asked him to build for him the new theatre, which he is to erect in Salzburg for the presentation of religious spectacles. This theatre, though modern in every respect, will be founded on Gothic elements. It will be built in the shape of a cross, the stage placed at the juncture of the wings; the audience itself being seated in these wings, while the players will enter from below. This theatre will be absolutely unique in architecture, but will be peculiarly adapted to the production of religious dramas, in which the audience takes part with the players themselves.

Mr. Geddes was born in Detroit, of old American stock, and studied art for a few months at the Cleveland School of Art and the Chicago Art Institute. In the latter city he met Herwick Lund, the Norwegian artist, who advised him to stay away from art schools and let his thoughts develop in their own way. Young Geddes took this advice and soon made a certain name for himself as a magazine illustrator and portrait painter, but his first interest in the stage came through a play he wrote on an Indian theme for which Charles Wakefield Cadman composed the incidental music. This play, *The Thunderbird,* was to have been produced by Miss Aline Barnsdall at her stock theatre in Los Angeles, and though this production never occurred, young Geddes became art director of this theatre, a post which he held until he came East to design the second act of *Shonewis* at the Metropolitan Opera House. Since that time his progress has been constant.

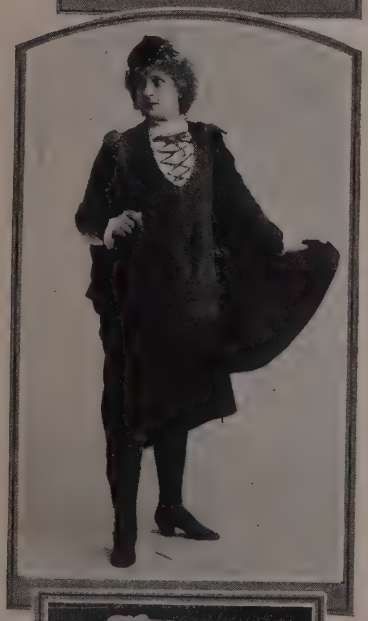
A remarkable quality in Mr. Geddes' work is that, unlike his fellow scenic artists, it does not place scenic investiture as the supreme thing in the theatre.

(*Continued on page* 58)

At the age of ten

At the age of two

As a member of Daniel Frohman's Company



As Rosalind

In *Mistress Nell*

In *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*

In *The Sword of the King*

In *Sham*

In *Joan of the Shoals*

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 18 HENRIETTA CROSMAN

One of America's foremost interpreters of comedy, this popular actress was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. For several generations her family had been prominent in army circles. Her first appearance on the stage was as Letty in *The White Slave*, August 13, 1883. The following year she was seen with the Madison Square Theatre Company in *The Rajah* and *The Private Secretary*. After a season in classic drama with Robert Downing and Frederick Warde she appeared at Daly's in *As You Like It* and at the Lyceum in *The Charity Ball*. Later she joined Charles Frohman's Comedians appearing in *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, *Gloriana*, etc. In 1900 she became a star, scoring great success in such plays as *Mistress Nell*, *The Sword of the King*, *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, etc., etc. Her most recent appearance on Broadway was as the grandmother in *Children of the Moon*

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XXIX—WALTER HAMPDEN

THAT'S Walter Hampden.

Looks like an Englishman, doesn't he? Height, narrow shoulders, loose-hanging clothes, long stride from the hip, solemn visage, all speak of London. Fact is he was born in Brooklyn. Of Irish parents. That explains his dramatic temperament. The Irish are born with acting ability. The French acquire it. In an Irishman it's nature. In a Frenchman it's art.

The woman with him is his wife. Always with him except on the stage. Married her in London. Her name was Mabel Moore. Greatly interested in his work and sympathetic with his ambitions. That is the cement that holds stage marriages together.

They've a little daughter. She has been inoculated with the germ of the theatre. She makes startling discoveries about Shakespearean characters. Her father and mother overheard her in the next room giving a singing lesson to her doll. Mr. Hampden says his small daughter has solved the problem that has puzzled authorities on Shakespeare. "Now Dollie dear," she crooned, "sing this after mother. 'I am a poor orphan, the child of Hamlet and Ophelia.' "

Do I know him? I do. As everyone else who knows him, with favor. Even the members of his company speak well of him. From leading woman—he has several leading women this year—to snubbed but truculent "Props."

He has the scholar's air of withdrawal, but in conversation he is as gentle as a child—a girl child. He is the only person I ever knew connected with an "elevate the stage" movement who is without pose. He gave his counsel and assistance to the Actors and Authors Theatre effort. I believe he was a member of that elder and parent organization of elevate-the-theatre movements, the National Art Theatre Society, which as many an obscure but worthy human being, did its little best for the progress of the world and died.

Walter Hampden is making interesting experiments in giving good things to the public. Reverently making them. As reverently as his friend, Clayton Hamilton, writes about him. There have been great loves in history. The love of Abélard for Héloïse. The love of Dante for Beatrice. Of Petrach for Laura. But never was there greater love than that of Clayton Hamilton for Walter Hampden's art. He has discoursed on the Hampden Hamlet and Othello in terms that glow as an incandescent on Broadway at curtain-rising time.

Walter Hampden holds resemblance, in form and feature and in spirit, to the actor whom England knighted and whom an American girl, Gertrude Elliott, married—Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson.

XXX—JULIA MARLOWE

SAW Julia Marlowe at a matinée today. Seldom see her at a theatre unless she is playing in it. When she wants a report of a play or a player she sends Mr. Sothern. He tells her about it. She advised Jane Cowl to play Shakespeare. When Miss Cowl worked her courage to the point of producing Juliet, Miss Marlowe did not witness her performance. But Mr. Sothern did. So Miss Marlowe knows what her counsel wrought.

People—male people that is, for it's a man's vice—speculate a good deal about Miss Marlowe's age. Ever notice that when a man wants to be especially horrid toward a woman he inquires about her age? It is the most conspicuous "manly" pettiness. What was I saying? Yes, I know Miss Marlowe's age reckoned by years. She is one month older than Mrs. Fiske. She was born in November, and Mrs. Fiske made her first appearance in the drama of life in December of the same year. Don't ask me the year. Don't be manlike. Alice Brady is right, lovely, outspoken Alice, "son daughter" of Bill. She says, "It's wrong to date any woman." While we're talking of the obnoxious subject of years, it was not their accumulation but ill health, or rather inadequacy of health, that caused Miss Marlowe to leave the stage the first time.

Funny, as I remember it. The then Twilight Club, now the Society of Arts and Sciences, gave a farewell banquet to her and Mr. Sothern. She looked very lovely and a little sad in a simple—you are right, elegantly and costly simple—white gown with a scarf the color of a jacqueminot rose about her shoulders. Her nobly shaped head drooped at a pensive angle. She looked the spirit of renunciation.

Julia Marlowe is one of the greatest actresses on the American stage. No, I did not say American actresses, for she is English. She was born in Cauldbeck, England, but came to America and lived in Ohio while she was a child. Can't fancy that nobly formed creature as a victim of child labor, can you? But she was. She worked in a cracker factory in Ohio. She was little Sarah Frost at the factory, but when she had joined a juvenile Pinafore company and played Sir Joseph Porter someone gave her the name Julia Marlowe. I have heard that Miss Marlowe does not enjoy the recalling of that story. Wonder if Adelaide Nillson ever reached the state when she was moved to deny the story that she had been a barmaid? There are few as democratic as David Belasco, who likes to tell that on his first invasion of New York he slept on park benches and that he lived for four days on a bag of doughnuts, and that he rode on seventeen trains from New York to San Francisco because "not all the conductors were interested in his story."

Miss Marlowe has the majesty of the sea, or the mountain—and their remoteness. She is admired by all and loved by few. She reminds me of Maeterlinck's story of the lighthouse keeper who was so kind of heart and so clubby of nature that when his neighbors called to borrow oil he always gave it. A great storm swept the coast. The lighthouse keeper began to refill his lamps but there was no oil. He had given it away. Julia Marlowe has never given away of her strength in social fritterings, nor friendships of the time-wasting kind. She has kept her oil for her art. She has kept her light shining.

XXXI—GEORGE COHAN

THERE goes the silver haired boy.

Who? George M. Cohan, of course. He's as slim and of as boyish figure as when he played in the comedy he wrote for his father, mother, sister Josephine and himself, *The Governor's Son,* and the Cohan family starred in it at the Savoy Theatre. Although he was the author he took on no authorial airs. If he had, his father, rubicund, white-haired Jere Cohan, might have spanked him. The elder Cohan believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. He translated his precepts into practice.

Yet how proud Jere Cohan was of his boy! He wrote a strange prophecy of his son's success. It was found among his papers after his death. It narrated an experience on the night the boy was born. The father was doing some hack newspaper work, he said, something he often did to keep the pot a-boiling for the four Cohans. He said that while he wrote the pot boiler, his mind distracted by anxious thoughts for his wife and the impending heir or heiress to the dubious Cohan fortunes, he distinctly heard a voice saying: "Do not be anxious. He that is coming will carry on the work from where you leave it."

When the tiny George M. Cohan, who arrived upon the stage of earth that night, had reached the twelve-year state he wrote a song that got the family out of pawn for room rent. The elder Cohan said, "You see, Helen, the prophecy is being fulfilled."

I call him "sleepless George," because

(*Continued on page* 52)

Mme. Simone, the distinguished French actress and wife of François Porché, France's foremost poet, has returned to America at the invitation of A. H. Woods to play the leading rôle in Samuel Ruskin Golding's new play, "Open House." This is perhaps the first instance on record that a foreign artiste has been imported to impersonate an American heroine

So This Is Hollywood!

Some Close-Ups, Long-Shots and Double-Exposures of the Modern Babylon

By DON RYAN

PERSISTENT and diverse rumors give to the outside world a conception of Hollywood as a place where one may expect to see a motion-picture director and some other scoundrel engaged in fisticuffs on the boulevard at almost any hour of the day or night. In imagination the fight progresses until finally two gentlemen come out of a hop joint adjoining and stop it.

But if you ask the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce it will tell you indignantly that Hollywood is a city of homes. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce wears knickers and its collective head is bared to the kiss of the California sun. But these outward symbols do not mean that it ever gets frivolous. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is deadly serious.

In fact all Hollywood is taking itself more seriously every day. It used to be a rollicking, coltish young place—in the golden days when Fatty Arbuckle would argue over the taxi fare almost every night in the alley back of the Christie Hotel. But those days have flown. The movie actors own real estate now and are building pink and blue and yellow bungalows.

Yes, there is a decided tendency in Hollywood to withdraw from the public gaze during those precious hours of recreation after the actor's day at the studio is over.

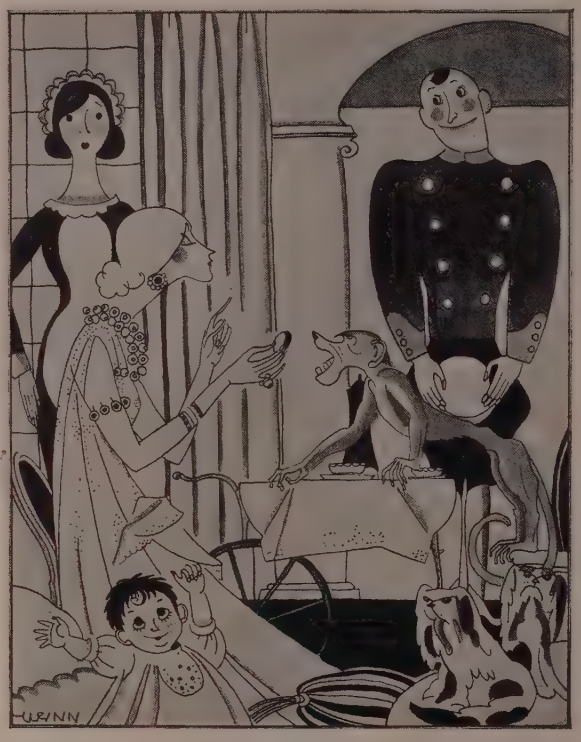
The fact is that Hollywood is rapidly settling into the second era of all American towns and villages —the era of respectability. It is sad but true. Never again will Hollywood be the Western mining town where the easy-coming studio gold takes wings and easy goes. Hollywood is truly a city of homes—and business enterprise.

Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue are the crossroads of this new commercial spick and span community. They are the Fifth Avenue and Broadway, the Dearborn and State of Hollywood. The boulevard is lined with the square, brand-new, pressed-brick buildings so familiar in every Western town.

And proudly topping the lot is the office structure of a photoplay corporation, which teaches how to write scenarios by mail. There is a garden on the roof. You can see the potted palms waving over the edge of the cornice. Here the officials of the scenario factory sit in the glow of the westering sun, discussing the elements of drama and situation contained in *Godless Girls,* a script received this day from William A. Clapburn, brakeman, of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

On the corner in front of the village drug-store a knickered group with traces of make-up still discernible behind their ears are talking about their art.

"The lousy bum! He told Jim Kirkwood to go ahead in the fight scene and knock me out. That's what he says. 'Get Richardson,' he says. Then he comes to me and he says, 'don't hold no punches.' Get Jimmy! If we hadn't got together and compared notes we'd both be in the receiving hospital I guess. Anything for a few feet of fillum. He calls it realism. Murder, I calls it."



"America's Darling" at home

The artist fingers the bristling hair above his temples. Murmurs of sympathy ascend upon the evening air.

Later in the evening the bears and the birds of Hollywood come to dine at the *Montmartre.* The *Montmartre* is a pleasant, pastel-shaded nook, containing a dance floor enclosed in scrim: rainbow-tinted, with batik designs.

In case the Los Angeles police commission decides to enforce some ancient ordinance prohibiting dancing and eating in the same room—why the *Montmartre is* ready for them.

The birds come in on the arms of the bears. The birds are young and blonde and flutter deliciously. The bears are older and quite ponderous,, with thick forepaws that bristle with black hair. Awareness whispers in the wake of each new entrant, like the murmur about the entrance of the paddock when a new horse is led out.

"Who is that girl with Barbara La Marr, my dear? And where in the world does she get her clothes made?"

"Viola must be working and evidently Shirley isn't. Vi always beads her lashes so. How do you like that turban?"

Pappa and Mamma, one music teacher, one language teacher and two men-of-all work. Jackie Coogan and his train.

At the Writers' Club conversation is a more serious matter. Something to be delivered with taste and discrimination. Between mouthfuls of roast duck.

By the way, dear reader, if you ever chance to visit Hollywood there is one prize exhibit you must not miss. You wouldn't stop in New York without seeing the aquarium—unless you happen to be a native New Yorker. So if you ever come to Los Angeles you must step in at the Hollywood aquarium some day and watch them feed the goldfish.

Armstrong & Carleton's Café is plump on the boulevard—the most conspicuous spot in Hollywood. You can't miss it.

At 12:30 the two romanesque portals are receiving a double line of entrants. Mr. Armstrong himself, a leading business man in brown suit and the style of spectacles worn by nearly all members of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, is there to greet you—if you are important enough.

"Ah, Mr. Chaplin! You're early today. Good idea. Come early and avoid the rush, eh? Ha, ha! Yes, Mr. Chaplin. Over here by the window. Of course. Your regular place. Six? All right, Mr. Chaplin."

The comedy king gravely takes his place —his regular place—by the window. His five courtiers dispose themselves and begin to look about for that from which they may kindle flaming speech for the king's amusement.

The king's jester leads with a witticism about the service. The king waits shrewdly till the jester had fed him the proper line. Bingo! The king lands with a knockout. The courtiers gambol in glee. The tourists gaze round-eyed. Some show!

Even the sidewalk holds its contingent of heavy dowagers in crêpe de Chine—from Sioux City, from Utah, from Ashland, Kentucky. They frankly stare in at the goldfish—particularly at the comedy king and his royal train of yessers.

Mr. Armstrong explains that this attention is most embarrassing to Mr. Chaplin. In fact Mr. Chaplin has tried every means to prevent it. He even

(*Continued on page* 52)

Muray

MARY BOLAND

This finished artiste has scored one of the hits of her career as the flighty, nervous, "nutty" egomaniac, Gertrude Lennox, in *Meet the Wife*

Goldberg

ROSAMOND PINCHOT

hailed as a sensation on her first stage appearance, in the trying rôle of The Nun in *The Miracle*, which she played with youthful freedom and inspired understanding

Muray

KATHERINE EMMET

who brings vast spiritual dignity and strength to an exacting suppressed-emotional rôle in the Equity Players' drama, *The New Englander*

WALTER HUSTON

the star of Zona Gale's *Mister Pitt*, who in the title rôle has made one of the conspicuous hits of the season, and given one of its most beautiful performances

Muray

JULIETTE CROSBY

one of the most promising of our younger actresses, whose beauty, breeding and talent animate the rôle of Clara in the new farce, *The Show-Off*

ARNOLD KORFF

acclaimed a really great actor on his appearance as Henry the Fourth, the sane mad-man in Pirandello's complex psychological play, *The Living Mask*

HIGH-LIGHTS IN THE MIDWINTER SEASON

Artistes Who Have Contributed Performances of Unusual Distinction to Recent Plays

White Princess Beatrice makes a nervous effort to dispel the strained atmosphere and draw the Prince's attention from the presumptuous tutor

The Swan

Comedy in Three Acts by Ferenc Molnar

(Translated by Melville Baker)

THE best known of the Hungarian school of playwrights, which includes also the Capek brothers, Molnar has made several notable contributions to the American theatre, with "The Devil," "The Czarina," and the sensationally successful Theatre Guild production, "Liliom." This satiric comedy, "The Swan," has proved one of the genuine hits of the season. Eva Le Gallienne was selected by the author, himself, to create the title-rôle, that of a proud and beautiful princess. The following condensation by Mary James is printed by permission of the author, Charles Frohman, Inc., and the publishers, Boni and Liveright

THE CAST

(As produced at the Cort Theatre by Charles Frohman, Inc.)

Dr. Nicholas Agi	Basil Rathbone
George	Alan Willey
Arsene	George Walcott
Princess Beatrice	Hilda Spong
Alexandra	Eva Le Gallienne
Father Hyacinth	Halliwell Hobbes
Symphorosa	Alice John
Prince Albert	Philip Merivale
Colonel Wunderlich	Henry Warwick
Count Luten	Carl Hartberg
Alfred	Stanley Kalkhurst
Caesar	Richie Ling
Maid	Nancie B. Marsland
Princess Maria Dominica	Alison Skipworth
Countess Erdely	Geraldine Beckwith
Ladies in waiting	Jane Shaw and Margaret Farr
Lackeys	Boswell Davenport and Tom Collins
Hussars	Jack Cobb and Stanley Grand

ACT I. A Pavilion in the Garden of Beatrice's Castle. A Summer afternoon. Dr. Agi is completing a history lesson with an account of the death of Napoleon. The young princes explain to him their mother's antipathy to Napoleon, whom she holds responsible for the loss of their throne. The only chance for a recovery of their former glory is the marriage of Princess Alexandra to Prince Albert, the heir apparent, who is at present sojourning at the castle in the course of his search for a consort. The boys discuss the possibilities of the match and find the tutor strangely unresponsive. (*Beatrice and Alexandra enter from the garden. Agi and the boys stand up.*)

BEATRICE: You have finished your lessons? You are through early, are you not? (*Alexandra stands silent and motionless down L.*)

AGI: Yes, your Highness. We had arrived at Napoleon's death ten minutes before the end of the hour. That seemed to me a convenient stopping place. We hardly had time to begin another chapter.

BEATRICE (*sharply*): A convenient stopping place?

AGI: So it seemed to me, your Highness.

BEATRICE: A stopping place for him, perhaps; but for us merely a comma in an unfinished sentence. But that's not what I came here to say. Arsene! George! Prince Albert is to visit you here. He is much interested in your studies and has expressed the wish to talk with you about them—particularly your history. So go now and wash your faces and comb your hair—and put on your dark suits.

ARSENE: When is he coming?

BEATRICE: As soon as he wakes.

GEORGE: Is he sleeping?

BEATRICE: I said—"as soon as he wakes." You might have guessed that he was sleeping.

GEORGE: I did guess it—that's why I asked.

BEATRICE: That will do! Arsene, I hear you have been coughing.

ARSENE: Only once or twice.

BEATRICE: Symphorosa distinctly said that you were *coughing*. (*To Agi*): Why was this not reported to me?

AGI: His Highness ate a green pepper this morning. He would not follow my advice in regard to removing the seeds. That is why he coughed. I did not consider it serious enough to report.

BEATRICE: How could you know whether it was serious or not? You are not a physician

After the unfortunate allusion to Napoleon nothing the tutor or boys say is right, and Beatrice is still more annoyed when she hears that they have been discussing the prospect of Alexandra's becoming a queen. She assures them that they will be punished at the first opportunity, and then tells them the "surprise"—in honor of the Prince's visit, their Uncle Karl has arrived. The boys are overjoyed, and are about to rush off to meet him, but Beatrice restrains them. "You stay here. You wild Indians! I'll meet him myself." Alexandra, in her mother's absence, coldly informs the professor that the Prince wishes to see the boys fence after he has talked with them, and is very crushing when he suggests that she should also show off *her* skill with the foils. Beatrice returns with Hyacinth, who greets his nephews affectionately, and questions the professor until Beatrice sends them away to prepare for Prince Albert's visit. Alexandra is sent into the garden, and Beatrice pours out her troubles to her brother.

HYACINTH: Well, what is it, my dear? Something has happened.

BEATRICE (*looking after Alexandra*): I didn't wish to speak of it before her. The trouble is —nothing has happened. Albert told you how much in love he was—with us all.

Faun and Nymph

Javanese Dance by Stella Bloch

Hindu Dance by Doris Niles of the Capitol Ballet

Danse Grotesque by Maria Marschutti

POEMS OF MOTION

Rabinovitch Captures the Fleet Beauty of the Dance

HYACINTH: Yes.

BEATRICE: In love with us all—but not with Alexandra.

HYACINTH: What can you expect in three days?

BEATRICE: Not love perhaps—but at least he might show some signs of interest in my daughter—he might make some advances—and there's nothing we haven't done.

Beatrice becomes almost hysterical in her anxiety lest her quarry should escape. Symphorosa, whom her sister has appointed as the Prince's watch-dog comes in at intervals with the latest bulletin, and at last announces that he is coming. Beatrice hurries off to meet him, followed by Symphorosa, and Hyacinth calls the boys. The Prince enters, accompanied by Beatrice and the rest of the entourage. He chats easily with Hyacinth and Beatrice, speaks pleasantly to the boys, patronizes the tutor, but a slight embarrassment and stiffness characterize the few words he addresses to Alexandra. When the boys retire to prepare for the fencing exhibition, it has been arranged that Alexandra is to escort the Prince through her rose garden, but at a sign from the Prince, Wunderlich makes another suggestion; the Prince goes off with Lutzen and Wunderlich to inspect the dairy, and Beatrice's plan to throw Alexandra and Albert alone together for a few minutes is thwarted. (*Alexandra, deeply hurt, goes off R.*)

HYACINTH: He disposed of the rose garden rather neatly.

BEATRICE: Now do you see? And you tell me to be calm! It is beyond enduring. And did you hear the Colonel? No sooner had I mentioned the rose garden than he commenced to speak of the cows.

HYACINTH: It was not intentional—a mere coincidence.

BEATRICE: A coincidence! Well, I know how to make use of coincidences, too.

HYACINTH: My dear Beatrice, if you mean what I think you mean, remember that your subtle deep-laid schemes have not always been attended with complete success.

BEATRICE: Do you think I am the one to give up while there is a ray of hope left—or a half hour of time? You will see.

SYMPHOROSA: I am afraid you're planning something!

BEATRICE: To think that that is the only way left!

SYMPHOROSA (*alarmed*): What way?

BEATRICE: A frightful way—but there is no choice now.

Beatrice unfolds her plan, and declares that "there is only one thing which can arouse a man's interest in a woman; the interest of another man in the same woman." The tutor must be invited to that evening's reception, and Alexandra "will notice him." Hyacinth objects on the grounds that "a brave lad like that was not meant to be used as a tool and then thrown away," but Beatrice is obdurate, and Hyacinth goes out in disgust, leaving the two sisters alone together. Beatrice declares, "No one shall stand in my path now—go now and send Alexandra to me." In tears, Symphorosa goes off to do her bidding.

ALEXANDRA: You wished to see me, mother?

BEATRICE: Yes, my dear. Alexandra, because my blood flows in your veins there is no one in all the world nearer to me than you are. That is why you will understand me now.

ALEXANDRA: Yes, mother.

BEATRICE: And, for the same reason, you wish for the same thing that I do.

ALEXANDRA: Yes, mother.

BEATRICE: And if it does not rest as near to your heart as to mine, if you do not wish for it as passionately as I do, then you must *will* yourself to——

ALEXANDRA: Yes, mother, but that is unnecessary. For I feel as you do about it. I know how serious a matter it is. I understand perfectly. . . . But what do you wish me to do?

Beatrice tells Alexandra that she must "advance resolutely towards her goal," and sweep aside her scruples, when she suggests that the tutor might misunderstand her sudden interest in him. "Courage, my dearest child—courage!" says Beatrice, and she goes into the garden, leaving Alexandra to receive the tutor alone. Agi enters, dressed for fencing, and Alexandra talks to him about the stars, and reminds him

BEATRICE: And if it does not rest as near your heart as to mine, you must *will* yourself to——

of his promise to take her brothers to the observatory that night; she tells him that he cannot go as she wishes him to attend the reception. Overwhelmed by this unexpected honor the professor is forgotten in the man, as he realizes that for the first time the princess has recognized his existence.

ACT II. A Reception Room in the Castle. Late the same evening. Beatrice, inspecting the table and discussing the arrangements for the supper with Cæsar, is elated at the success of her plan, but Symphorosa is distressed lest the plot should go too far. She begs leave to call Alexandra away from the Professor, and Beatrice returns to her guests. Alexandra enters with Agi—*she* has also come to inspect the table—hoping to escape from the Professor, who was explaining "the formation of the constellation of the Eagle" to her.

AGI: ——And the head of the eagle——

ALEXANDRA: That was where I stood up.

AGI: And I didn't have the sense to realize that you wished to escape.

ALEXANDRA: Perhaps I did. Your stars lost their brilliance—when you came to talk of them.

AGI: I am deeply ashamed, Princess.

ALEXANDRA: I expected to be told of the mystery and the beauty of them—and I only heard how many million kilometers apart they were and the theory of the stellar system. I had no idea that the Milky Way was so dry.

AGI: I would have spoken of the feelings with which the stars inspire me—but I did not dare.

ALEXANDRA: That might have been more interesting.

AGI: Beyond the trillions and quadrillions that separate the stars lie my thoughts of God, of the infinite, of birth and death—of life and—love.

ALEXANDRA (*coldly*): And you can conceive of such remote things?

AGI: When I look at you, Princess—— (*Pause.*)

ALEXANDRA (*still colder*): And the infinite?

AGI: When I look into my own heart!

ALEXANDRA: And do you believe in these miracles?

AGI: I must believe in miracles, Princess—— they give me courage. If I did not believe in them how could I endure my life?

ALEXANDRA: Is your life so unendurable?

AGI: It would be if——

ALEXANDRA: If——

AGI: If I did not live two lives. An outer one and then a life within that—a burning, inextinguishable life.

ALEXANDRA: Why have I never suspected that?

AGI: Because your Highness evidently believes in miracles, too. At least you have been able to believe that my cold, impassive expression was real—cold and impassive even when struck.

ALEXANDRA: You are struck—in the face? (*Pause.*)

AGI: Every day.

ALEXANDRA: By whom?

AGI (*does not answer.*)

ALEXANDRA: Who strikes you in the face? Who? Do you mean I do? (*Agi nods.*) Without knowing it?

AGI: That is why it hurts so much.

ALEXANDRA: This is stranger than your stars. You mean I hurt you?

AGI: Your Highness witnesses a miracle every day. You see a young man whose face, whose voice, whose outward bearing all remain composed and expressionless while in his heart there is a raging fire. And yet it never occurs to you to ask for the explanation of this miracle.

ALEXANDRA: The explanation?

AGI: Yes—why do you think I bear all that I do? Why do I teach so humbly, and humbly and silently submit to everything? Why do I allow my pride to be trampled upon? Why am I here where I am? Why do I live as I have to live here?

(*Albert enters with two ladies.*)

ALEXANDRA: You make me see things which——

ALBERT (*interrupts jovially*): That's what I call being an ideal hostess. Consulting with the musicians before the concert and with the majordomo before the supper. She has an eye for everything.

After Albert has gone, Alexandra touched by the Professor's evident misery, and moved by a feeling of respect for him, breaks it to him that he is just a pawn in the game. Agi bitterly resents this. Just then Albert, accompanied by Beatrice and the two ladies re-enters, and Alexandra continues the conversation about the stars. Albert, impressed by her evident interest in the tutor, begins to pay her some attention himself, and leads her to the supper table. Agi, ignoring Beatrice's efforts to get rid of him, seats himself at Alexandra's right, and

(*Continued on page* 48)

SUTTON VANE

the English author of *Outward Bound*, a drama of Death, whose sane philosophy and humorous invention have made it an outstanding hit

LEWIS BEACH

whose play, *The Goose Hangs High*, has struck a new note of gentle realism in the comedy of American manners

LYNN STARLING

In *Meet the Wife*, satirizes the emotional and intellectual pretensions of the silly woman and achieves an expert and sophisticated modern comedy

White

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

who forges rapidly ahead on his own in the world of his grandsire, and who recently collaborated with Milton Cropper in the authorship of *New Toys*

Floyd

LEON CUNNINGHAM

who has provided the Equity Players with two of their recent offerings *Hospitality* and *Neighbors*, though but lately graduated from the University of his native state, Michigan

White

MILTON HERBERT CROPPER

the co-author with Oscar Hammerstein, second, of *New Toys* a smart comedy of American life which has made a vivid impression

Apeda

GEORGE KELLY

who has followed his broad farce, *The Torchbearers*, with another farce-comedy of American lower-middle-class life, *The Show-Off*, an amusing elaboration of his vaudeville act

"AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"

Important Responses From the New School of Broadway Dramatists

C · I · N · E · M · A

George Billings as Lincoln . . . A Fine Historical Picture . . . Rupert Hughes and his Contribution to the Film

By HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

IN certain circles it is the mode to argue that the taste of the public is superior to the movies and to bitterly assail the producers for not giving the people what they want. The movie manufacturer has many sins to answer for, but a failure to satisfy the public's taste is not one of them. The people get the entertainment, as well as the government, that they deserve. If the fare that is served them were too nauseating, they would stay home with the cat and the goldfish, instead of standing four rows deep in back of draughty cinema palaces.

SHOW me that the motion pictures offer a brand of entertainment inferior to that dished out by the popular theatres, newspapers, and magazines, and I will grant you that the dear old public is being bilked again, and that the producer is a scoundrel who should be damned by critics, muzzled by censors, and electrocuted by the State. Electrocution he may deserve, but on other counts than treason. The picture-maker commits no more heinous crime in catering to the silly predilections of the masses than does the cheap book publisher or the cheaper politician. Each deals in the same salve and hopes it will pay. The chief difference is that the movie man plays for greater stakes than do the other panderers to the public's appetite. One photoplay may represent an outlay of a million dollars. To protect this enormous investment the producer must gauge more carefully than his competitors in other fields the caprice of a still larger public.

NEVERTHELESS, there are a few motion-picture companies that are striving to raise the standards of the business, and to educate the public to an appreciation of photoplays of better quality. It is an enterprise not without grave hazards. Fortunately, these companies are not entirely motivated by a spirit of uplift. There are some indications that, if the process of enlightenment be gentle enough, dividends may yet be paid. Thanks to this type of producer, a good photoplay occasionally gets to the screen, perhaps somewhat more often, proportionally, than a good book is published.

BUT, there exists a class of civilized people in this country—a pitiful minority, it is true—who are not served by the picture-makers. These citizens seldom visit the cinema, not because they consider the motion pictures *per se* unworthy of their patronage, but because they have almost abandoned the hope that they might some day see a photoplay that would insult neither their intellect nor their emotions. I not only hold it to be the especial function of cinema criticism to carry the glad tidings to those disappointed ones when a good picture appears, but I also believe it to be the critic's duty to point out to the producers how this minority may be enticed back to their theatres. And I believe that this can be done without alienating the masses that make the films commercially possible.

THE writing of a novel and the construction of a screen play are two entirely dissimilar forms of craftsmanship.

Lillian Gish, the charming heroine of *Romola*, and one of the few fine actresses that the cinema has produced

The very qualities that make a novel a living part of literature turn a motion picture into a cold and lifeless shell. The *littérateurs* are congenitally incapable of realizing that fact for, to them, the motion picture does not possess, nor can it ever possess any soul of its own. If those early directors and scenario writers had been left to their own devices, they might have developed a new art, unrestrained by any fealty to the jealous Seven. Cinema has been regarded for so long as the feeble-minded little sister of Calliope and Thalia, that she has become just that—a vacant-eyed vamp, with a vast inferiority complex. And then Rupert Hughes strolled by with a knowing wink and she folded him to her bosom.

I CANNOT better serve the disappointed minority than by counseling them to stay at home when *Reno* comes to their neighborhood theatres. Let them not be buoyed with hope, because the literary Mr. Hughes is billed as its writer and director. His photoplay can be used as an example of the inanity and insincerity of those motion pictures that are photographed to satisfy the *canaille* and subtitled to appeal to the *intelligentsia*. Mr. Hughes is not content to exhibit his wares in one of these camps. He obviously wishes to draw the kudos and shekels from both. The movie fans are given meretricious scenes of a lickerish clubman who annexes three wives, via Reno and a fleet foot; and for those in the audience who are capable of assimilating printed propaganda, the author has written many righteous subtitles anent the confusion of conflicting State divorce laws. Anyone who is able to understand the social problem Mr. Hughes presents would be sickened by the banality of the pictured scenes. The film has an original ending. So that Wife Number Two, the virtuous heroine of this imbroglio, may marry the noble hero, the divorcing rascal sits on a geyser in Yellowstone Park at the moment it spouts.

THIS is the Mr. Hughes who was once hailed in the advertising columns of the press as the American Balzac. He, it was, who some months ago gave us that film masterpiece of crudity, *Souls For Sale*. In fiction he has done some decent work, straightforward stories that were embellished with accurate and spirited dialogue. Just as he was beginning to make for himself an honest name in American letters he sold out to the movies, and has been compounding idiocies ever since. Rupert Hughes is not, however, the only artist that the films have turned into a circus mountebank. But what an opportunity he has lost! The first important novelist to become a motion-picture director might have produced cinematic masterpieces, had he only the courage of his own talent, or had he learned something of the rich potentialities of this new medium of the imagination.

THE unforgivable sin in a motion picture is not bad titling nor a bad story. It is bad photography. What words are to the drama, the camera is to the cinema, and the director who is damned with an incompetent cameraman sits in the same boat with the painter who is color blind. All of Charles Ray's fine acting in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* went for naught because the photography and laboratory work were atrocious. But even without this mangling in production the photoplay would still fall far short of Mr. Ray's last picture, *The Girl I Loved*. The scenario of his new film creaks painfully as it drags through many lugubrious scenes

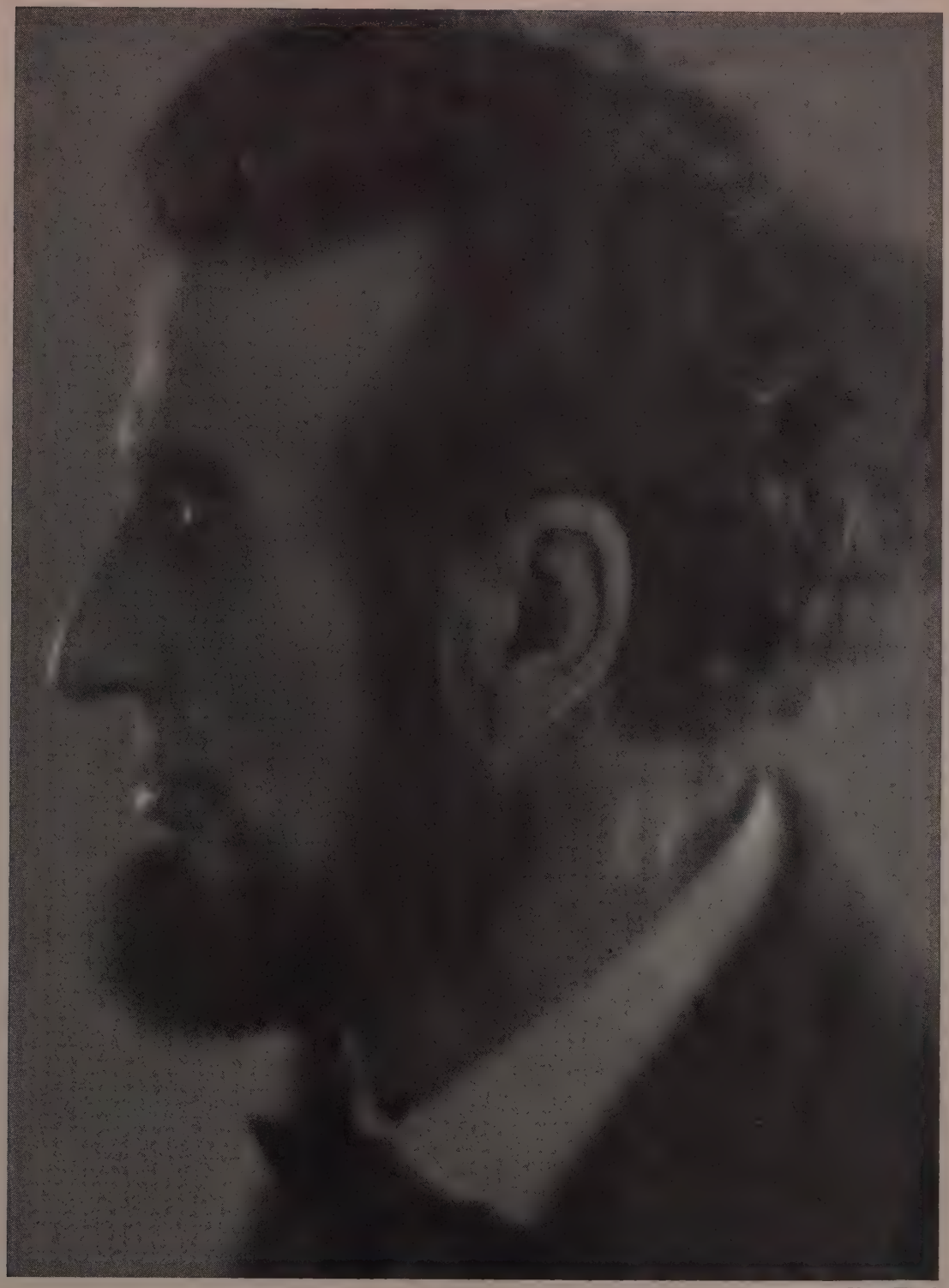


Photo Witzel

George Billings makes the Great Emancipator live again in the fine film *The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln*

of *The Mayflower's* crossing and of the Pilgrims in their inhospitable home in wintry Massachusetts. (The Hollywood lot covered with salt and cotton has all the reality of a tinsel Christmas card.) The director's name does not matter, but I realize now that Mr. De Grasse, who was credited with the direction of *The Girl I Loved,* should receive much of the praise that I bestowed upon Mr. Rav last month for that beautiful picture.

NINE out of ten historical photoplays produced in American studios do little more than mimic the illustrations of Ridpath's *History of the World.* Background, furnishings, and groupings are slavishly copied from this movie maker's guide. One by one, the old familiar pages are turned before our eyes. Sometimes the characters stir around a bit as in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance,* but more often they manfully hold their places and spout subtitles. Not so with *The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Old portraits may have been consulted to insure an accuracy of background and costume, but Phil Rosen and Frances Marion, the directors, seldom forgot that they were making a motion picture. Their people move easily within these epochal scenes, shadowing thoughts and emotions by their gestures and expressions and breaking into print only when the great story demands it.

THAT historical films may possess the flesh and blood of drama is evinced by this photoplay, equal in artistry and power to Lubitsch's *Deception,* and superior to it in understanding and sympathy. The producers, Al and Ray Rockett, were fortunate in securing Mr. George Billings to play the part of Lincoln, not only because of his startling physical resemblance to Lincoln, but because he seems to breathe the very spirit of the man. I have never watched an actor who more faithfully portrayed an historical rôle. I venture the theory that this accuracy in performance springs not so much from great histrionic ability as from the circumstance that Mr. Billings' natural resemblance to Lincoln has molded his character through many years of his life. The question has an interesting psychological value.

While the picture adds little to the familiar Lincoln legends, presenting the striking ones in a too orderly sequence, it vivifies them as no printed page could do, and unfortunately for the reputations of impartial historians, will fasten them ineradicably in the minds of present and future generations. History may have been flouted to bring the first hundred thousand volunteers down Pennsylvania Avenue to the lawn of the White House, where "Father Abraham" could bless them, but it made one of the most stirring scenes in the picture. Stephen Douglas may not have been a sneering antagonist, who was inspired by the devil, but the debates were thereby raised to a high conflict between Good and Evil. Surely the "lies agreed upon" make a photoplay more worth the seeing than the cold facts of the scientific grubber in dusty archives.

THE box-office receipts prove that the people—the great majority, at least—like the movies. It is safe to assume that they are more interested in spirited movement than in paralyzed titles, and it would not be stretching the point to claim that the intelligent few feel the same way about it. One of the reasons that the latter have avoided the picture theatres is that present-day screen plays are so cluttered with subtitles they resemble badly written picture-books, instead of flashing mirrors held up to Nature. The development of the motion pictures into an art worthy of serious consideration has reached an *impasse,* and the cult of the caption is largely to blame.

George Walsh as Ben Hur. The Goldwyn Company is now filming General Wallace's famous story in Italy

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IN lighting, settings, and photography lengthy strides have been made since the early efforts of D. W. Griffith and his associates to foster these essentials. But the ingenuity that should have been turned toward the elimination of the incongruous subtitle has been expended—and, to a large extent, wasted—in other directions. Nothing but plot and situation were fermenting in the yeasty imaginations of scenario writers, and directors topped the brew with the froth of their own efforts. Little was done in training the mimes to express thoughts and emotions other than those of a primitive nature. It is too easy to break the scene with printed cards that tell the whole story. Why devote time and energy to the invention of "business" in order to convey the same thought? And so the term "motion pictures" has become inaccurate as a name for the chiaroscuro tableaux and interpolated captions that are projected upon the screens in our theatres today.

THE fetish of the subtitle is founded upon two superstitions that prevail in most movie studios: that the audience will not understand the play unless every significant action has its amplifying caption; and that a shoddy picture can be turned into an all-wool picture by the title writer. The producers believe that incompetence of direction and paucity of story can be concealed by a tapestry of words. The more shabby the picture, the more glittering are the phrases that mantle it. The pseudo-poetical school of title writers trip to the fore to save the threadbare drama, and sensitive people are carried from their seats by the ushers. Those that live never come back. Less sensitive ones tolerate the poetry but flee before the sign-boards that explain every self-evident movement on the screen, and replace the action that should be there. It is no secret of the craft that pictures are titled for the benefit of the morons in the audience who spell the words out loud, and who are fascinated by the ones they cannot understand, let alone pronounce.

IT is true that subtitles cannot be entirely deleted. When properly used they serve a valuable purpose in cementing diverse scenes and must continue to be an integral part of the present type of screen play, but with a skilful preparation of the scenario, and with judicious foresight in direction, coupled with some artistry, their number could be considerably reduced. The actors would be forced to act, to tell the story by their own movements—and the picture would really move.

Who but the professional title writers that choke all life from the film would be displeased by such a renascence? Tortuous convolutions of plot would of necessity be straightened if action replaced the textual notes on the screen. Would not the film itself become more entertaining, more fascinating, to all classes of picture-goers?

BECAUSE D. W. Griffith has, in the past, assiduously cultivated the art of limning ideas and emotions by movement instead of by subtitles, as did the greater number of his contemporaries, the spectacle, *America,* on which he has worked for many months, should possess especial interest for those who believe in the possibilities of the cinema as a fictile medium of the imagination. Before a Griffith *première* one can only hope for the best. While he has produced many beautiful pictures he has also sorely grieved us by such maudlin films as *The White Rose.* However, one should not forget that we owe *The Birth of a Nation* to Mr. Griffith, and in his latest production he returns to that rich dramatic soil, the story of America.

(*Below*) Marion Davies, in the quaint raiment of her newest spectacular feature-film, *Yolanda*

(*Above*) Mary Pickford, the beloved, graces the elegant brocades and plumes of *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* after one of the raggedest careers of the films

(*Right*) Betty Compson, who has been elevated to stardom, aroused great interest by the excellence of her performance in *The Stranger*

Monroe

(*Right*) Violet Mersereau, the winsome blonde, returns to picture prominence in a new production of *The Shepherd King*

Monroe

(*Right*) Barbara La Marr recently seen in *Thy Name is Woman*, is a vivid personality in any screen play she graces

AMONG THE CINEMA STARS

The Winning Beauties Who Decorate and Animate Some New and Interesting Films

M · U · S · I · C

Stravinsky and Cowell Break the Ice of Tradition—Carnegie Hall Hears a New Masterpiece

By ADRIAN PELHAM

THERE are novelties in opera, but it is only in opera that they would be novelties. What is really new and vital in music today, is found not on the stage, but on the concert platform. In comparison with Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House appears too often an abode of sounds and fury, signifying nothing, a veritable cave of the winds, sonorous but hollow. The seeker after musical excitement must go otherwhere.

THERE has recently been plenty of excitement in Carnegie Hall. It began with one of the too few visits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when Pierre Monteux placed on the program, Igor Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. It took *Le Sacre* just thirteen years to reach New York, and this despite the fact that it was generally acknowledged by Parisian critics to be the most important musical work since *Pelléas et Mélisande*. During these thirteen years, New York has had at the opera *Lodoletta's* and *Il Compagnacci's* innumerable, and in the concert halls interminable bores such as Hans Pfitzner's *Von Deutscher Seele* and the compositions of Gustav Mahler. But *Le Sacre du Printemps* took all these years to reach New York, and then reached it only through the taste of Pierre Monteux, and by grace of an orchestra from Boston. Walter Damrosch at least is not usually caught asleep, but in this case where has he been these thirteen years?

FOR *Le Sacre du Printemps* proved just what the French critics had hailed it to be—the most important work that Europe has produced since *Pelléas*. Though composed originally as a ballet, it proved superbly able to stand on its own musical legs. Written by Stravinsky as a sort of apotheosis of primitive man, it is in its extraordinary mastery of rhythm, its phrases broken and tortured by fear, terror, and sinister foreboding, a work at once starkly primitive and penetratingly subtle and sophisticated. It is this double quality which renders it so startingly modern. Igor Stravinsky is a Russian, but he also has lived much in Paris. He loves the primitive as do all sense-weary sophisticates, but he sees it in the critical light of twenty centuries of culture, and to its expression he brings the full tonal resource and the rich palette of the orchestra of Strauss.

IT was probably fortunate that *Le Sacre du Printemps* arrived in New York in 1924 instead of in 1911. Many strange sounds have assailed our ears since that latter date, and we have listened to many musical gospels. Our ears have become attuned to disonance, and our minds to the dissolution of tradition. Today, *Le Sacre du Printemps* seems no longer revolutionary. It is music, it is even beauty. Then as if to show us how time softens all things, the Philadelphia Orchestra followed close on the heels of the Boston, with another composition of Stravinsky's, but this time a recent one—his *Symphonies for Wind Instruments in Memory of Claude-Achille Debussy*. In this work Stravinsky has both gone back, and has advanced; the former, because he has abandoned the colossal orchestra in favor of one of almost chamber-

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

This Russian musician is to succeed Pierre Monteux as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky is known in Europe as an orchestra leader of extraordinary power

music proportions; the latter, because he has definitely abandoned all development, all middle, all end. In this later work Stravinsky simply gives us a series of tone combinations, which may, or may not please the ear. Perhaps from it something definite, a new art may grow, but in itself, and to-day, it is nothing but a daring experiment in the mixing of tonal colors. If this the end of musical art, then it is the end indeed. But I don't believe that it is the end, for Igor Stravinsky is ever in process of development. In his *Sacre du Printemps,* he said his ultimate word in one medium. His *Symphonies* is probably the germ of a new conception in the possibilities of tonal art.

THEN there was the case of Henry Cowell—also at Carnegie Hall, only two nights previous to the Philadelphia Orchestra's revelation. Mr. Cowell is a young American pianist-composer, who has discovered what he calls "tone clusters." Mr. Cowell is a very young man, who wants the piano to do the work of an orchestra, and to attain this end has developed a new kind of chord by pressing down the keys with his entire forearm. He also hammers the keys with the palm of his hand, and with his fist. At his Carnegie Hall concert at least he didn't employ his feet, though there seemed no reason why he shouldn't. In one number, however, he put his fingers into the interior of the instrument and plucked the strings like a harp.

MR. COWELL'S gyrations brought forth laughter and applause. One of the horde of pianists present branded his plucking of the strings as positively indecent, and another called it "musical immorality." I, myself, couldn't get indignant over it. If Mr. Cowell or Mr. Stravinsky are able to get new effects either from the orchestra, or the piano by novel methods they are perfectly free to do so. It altogether depends upon what the effects are themselves. There is nothing sacred either in an orchestra or a piano. Both are instruments employed as a means towards an end. No doubt Stravinsky's employment of an oboe would horrify a critic of the days of Mozart, but from his employment he gets extraordinary effects. The same might be said of young Mr. Cowell's employment of the piano—only in his case the effect seemed to me trivial. Mr. Cowell is scarcely a futurist, for his melody is always reminiscent and often very Chopinesque. As for his "tone clusters," they usually sounded like the small boy who suddenly runs up behind his mother when she is playing a Chopin piece on the piano, and bangs with his two hands in the bass or treble. Sometimes the small boy gets a laugh, sometimes a licking. Mr. Cowell ought to be happy—he got both. The audience produced the former, the critics, the latter. But he will probably survive it. He is an admirable pianist, and some day he may be able to compose. When he does he can use his "tone clusters" or not, and he may hammer them out with his elbows, his head, or his feet. No one will care how he produces music so long as he produces it.

IN opera it has been a lean month. There have been no novelties at the Metropolitan, though there was a revival of *Siegfried,* with Michael Bohnen, as Wotan; and a new Swedish mezzo-soprano, Karin Branzel, as Fricka. Mr. Bohnen gave a most vital performance of the one-eyed god, and Miss Branzel proved herself an artist of presence

(*Continued on page* 54)

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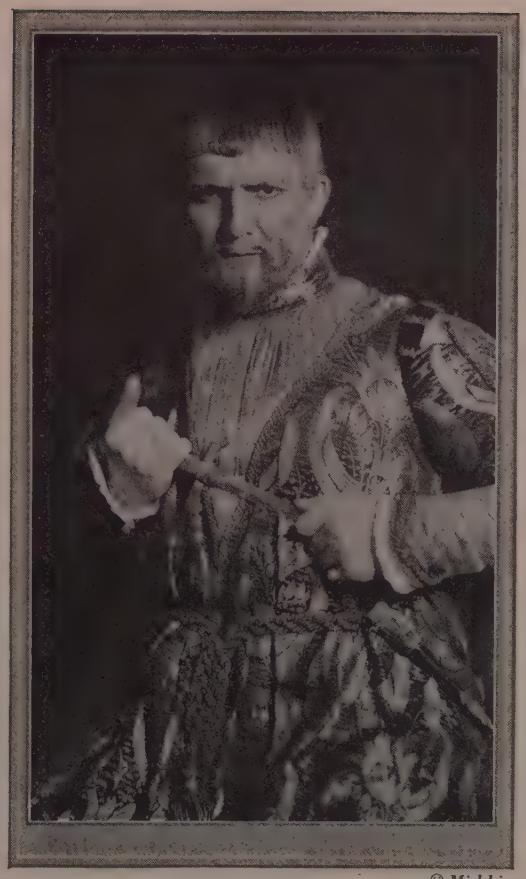
LOUISE HOMER STIRES

America's beloved contralto has passed down to this daughter her talent and good looks



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MICHAEL BOHNEN

who astonished New York by his performance in *Mona Lisa*

Matzene

EDITH MASON

who impersonates Massenet's frail Manon for the Chicago Opera Company

Mishkin

KARIN BRANZELL

Sweden's statuesque contraltc who has come to the Metropolitan to impersonate the heroines of both the German and Italian repertoire

© Kcsslere

MME. CHARLES CAHIER

Though an American, one of the supreme interpreters of German songs

ELVIRA DE HIDALGO

Once a child wonder at the Metropolitan, this Spanish soprano returns next season to sing in *Traviata* with the Chicago Opera

WHEN THE STARS OF THE EVENING SING TOGETHER

A Constellation of Operatic and Concert Singers in the Artistic Heavens

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

Grief in the High Places—A Magic Moniker—Some Good New Acts and Others

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

ACCORDING to Walter Kingsley, his self-effacing eulogist, Mr. E. F. Albee read with woe that his prodigious Hippodrome opening had failed to appeal to me as sophisticated entertainment. The marvelous metal mastication of the Man of Iron (known in the playful environs of the Palace Building, I believe, as "Beulah Breitbart") had left me unmoved to utter a single "Whoops!" The Charissi's had leapt and pranced to no æsthetic avail. My own favorite, Miss Patricola, had flashed futilely through the void. Mr. Albee was hurt. He was peeved. And instead of delegating Breitbart to spank me as I deserved, his subtle revenge is recorded in the sad archives of the advertising office.

Now it is my turn to be aggrieved. The Hippodrome camel hails me as a brother. The monkeys dream of my weekly prodigality of Maillard chocolate-drops. And were you to ask Jacqueline, the talking seal, "who loves vaudeville?" he would assuredly answer "Bland."

If Mr. Albee sincerely considered the Hippodrome opening bill a good one, the Singer midgets should take him by the hand and lead him through the intricate mazes of vaudeville. It was not a good one.

In fact, only recently has the place shown certain signs of being whipped into the shape of an actual amusement-house. Vincent Lopez has been installed for an indefinite run, his orchestra acquiring more and more finish, and Hamilton, the handsome band buffoon, more subdued and proportionately more amusing. Then with Toto, Poodles Hannaford, acrobats, wire-walkers and trained animals, a ragout of the proper circus seasoning, there is gamy nourishment there for those who relish it. The truffle-addicts may not.

A QUAINT legend flourishes in the halls that if the symbol "Edgar Allan Woolf," is affixed to an act as author, riches and bookings will pour over it in a roaring flood and engulf it in a soft prosperity. Not a star essays the halls without preliminary consultation with this later-day oracle. His finger is eternally upon the Pulse of the Public. Whether the star has made a hit as a sad clown, a gentleman crook, a gay soubrette, a Ghetto mamma, or a dancer of jigs, the fecund Edgar Allan can oblige with a knock-out script. From the minor "allez-ups!" of the Bounding Baldwins, to the major heroics of the matinée pet, his scope encompasses all.

And he is not a myth. He is one man. He is described as a "nice person," a "wonderful fellow," a "brilliant chap," a "lavish host," a being endowed with every winning attribute, a gorgeous sense of humor and provocative hair.

But something slipped up when Mr. Woolf discovered *The Land of Love* for Hazel Dawn.

THE diligent explorer for good taste and finish in vaudeville will find all of it in the return of Ella Shields, the English male impersonator. Her material is sophisticated. Her manner has an authority, dignity and refinement dazzling in its contrast with the nerve and transparent "elegance" of the new school, "female single." Miss Shield's act is a joy to the discriminating. Familiar types of British manhood pass in a delicately satirical revue which includes her standard *Burlington Bertie,* a subtle blend of humor and poignant sadness accomplished with the sure art of a Chaplin or a Brice.

MR. LEO SINGER, the new Gulliver, overreached himself when he produced, for no apparent reason other than the United Booking Offices, a new act foolishly labeled *Harmonia,* which is so charming and musically authentic, it probably will suffer a mild success. Two young women, Ina Hayward and Dora Maughn, sing intelligently and delightfully. Their voices blend and they know how to use them. A string quintette, vulgarly billed as "Misha's Boys," play with a musical sensibility, which their billing belies, and if any member of the troupe has a "hotsie — totsie!" complex, it is well suppressed. Neither does anybody want to know "what has four legs and flies?" Herewith Mr. Singer surely qualified as a picker of *big* girls, too.

WILLIAM COURTNEY, the dramatic star, has made his appearance in a crook-drama playlet that harks back to the dinosaur's first second-story larks. Filled with obsolete crook jargon, which would shock the sensitive conventions of the modern underworld, and revolving in the most transparent technical circles, the playlet tells of the ruse of the director of the Narcotic Squad to capture the crafty banker who heads the dope ring. There are flashlight signals, "gats," secret drawers in papier mâché statuettes, a trained nurse in fetching crêpe Georgette, and all the standard crook-entertainment devices.

If the villainous banker doesn't know that Mr. Courtney represents law and order, when he made his entrance through the fire-escape and posed as a master thief, he is the only person in the theatre who didn't, for all his cunning as the dope king. Mr. Courtney is the star. And all vaudeville knows the true test of an actor is "how good is the character he plays?"

SEE America First! is the current vaudeville advice of Mr. Leo Donnelly. Mine is see anything first. This effort has some of the trickiest scenery, performers and wisecracks in a field which abounds in all. Mr. Donnelly even takes another fling at Philadelphia. With an awkward male quartette, a few girls of mediocre talent and average appearance, vainly pretentious scenic numbers, the ultra-Broadway Mr. Donnelly as a tourist agent describing the romantic beauties, and comic values of our land, the whole is an unspeakably crude execution of a not unpromising idea.

VINCENT LAWRENCE, the Broadway playwright, has provided Mr. and Mrs. Hale Hamilton (Mrs. Hamilton is Grace La Rue) with a light comedy, *Dangerous Advice,* which is smart, broad, and ventures into the unfamiliar vaudeville genre of the cultivated class. A wife, piqued by her husband's indifference, permits a neighbor to flirt with her. The adventure revives the husband's consciousness of her charm. Not such a daring idea, but it is most invitingly served by the Hamiltons, and Miss La Rue follows it with a single program of songs, beautifully selected, and delivered with her characteristic poise and artistry. There is hardly a singer in the halls to approach her. She makes no pretentious gestures toward arias, and no concessions to trash. Her songs are simple and popular, but she brings a fine artistic conscience to the interpretation of them.

(*Continued on page* 58)

EL BRENDEL
The gentle voice and wicked accent of this shy Swede are welcomed once more to the halls from which he has been absent too long

PEPITO
A new phase of the Spanish vogue. The debonair clown from Madrid has been a wholly captivating addition to the native funmakers

PEARL REGAY
the graceful, slender *danseuse* is appearing in a new program which combines the beauties of dance and costuming with finished artistry

Bloom

Muray

GRACE LA RUE
returns to vaudeville to act as well as to sing, appearing as Mrs. Hale Hamilton in a sketch with her husband

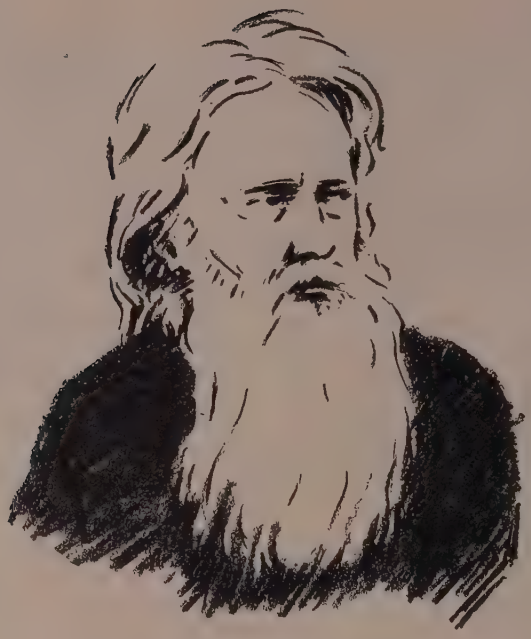
Earl Broady

BOBBY FOLSOM
a singing comedienne of rare humor and precision, attended by her own band, has scored one of the hits of the season

THE SPICE OF VARIETY

Song, Dance and Comedy Unite to Animate the Two-a-day

Crazed by drink, the virile mountaineer Andy (*Glen Anders*) goes out gunning for his former friend



David, the patriarchal mountaineer of the Hunt family (*Augustin Duncan*), remains serene while deadly feuds rage

The hypocritical fanatic Rufe (*John F. Hamilton*) is smug under his cloak of religion

With the technique of an Iago, the fanatic Rufe revives an old feud by inciting the drunken Andy to murder

THE NEW PLAY

Types of mountain folk seen in Hatcher Hughes' virile drama of feud and moonshine, *Hell Bent fer Heaven.* Mr. Alonzo Klaw, who made these sketches, is also producer of the play. One of the two sons of Marc Klaw, the well-known manager, Alonzo Klaw, is well versed in various arts, being producer, stage director and designer

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

CONSIDER GEORGE MIDDLETON. If ever a playwright encountered a tidal wave of ill-luck, certainly this one has. When the present season started, Middleton's outlook was, perhaps, the rosiest of his contemporaries. Mr. Belasco had two scripts of his which were to be given immediate production, one starring LIONEL BARRYMORE, the other starring FAY BAINTER. Mr. Woods was scheduled to do a play of Middleton's that was very close to the author's heart and on which he had spent many years of hard work. MARJORIE RAMBEAU was engaged to play its leading part. And, as if that were not enough stars in one brief season, NAZIMOVA went into vaudeville with a sketch of Middleton's. With such names, it might be safe to prophesy that the playwright could expect to have two big royalty-paying propositions, and even the most conservative estimators in the show business would be willing to gamble large sums on the success of certainly one of these enterprises. But the wager would have been lost. One after another Middleton's seeming good fortune was marred by a series of *débâcles,* only one of which might reasonably be laid to any fault of his own. Barrymore changed his mind about the piece he planned to do, as a result of wanting to play with his new spouse, *la belle* Fenwick. The Bainter play, called *The Other Rose,* ploughed aimlessly along for a few weeks at the Morosco Theatre and expired. Nazimova in *The Unknown Lady* was caused to beat an involuntary retreat from vaudeville by the righteous influences of the church. And Rambeau, in what she herself had spoken of as the best part she had had in years, failed so dismally on her opening night as to cause the management of *The Road Together* to terminate the run of that unhappy production as the curtain fell on its première. If any playwright has ever known such wholesale disaster in the brief space of half a season, it certainly hasn't been within the memory of your present correspondent.

Last month I told you that MARY PICKFORD invariably calls her generic audience—the one she caters to with fierce determination and arch business acumen—"Lizzie." As a matter of fact, this little habit of hers in speaking of the small-town sales-girl whose interest spells the real back-bone of the picture industry has spread to the Lasky lot; though when a really high brow picture is being shot "Lizzie" is promoted to "Elizabeth" for the occasion!

ULRIC HAUPT, the German actor who scored heavily in *Queen Victoria* and *The Marionette Man,* although both of those productions were failures, plans remaining in this country to iron out his slight Potsdam accent and play straight American rôles in which he will unquestionably rise to the greatest heights. As a matter of fact, Haupt looks more like an American than a German, due, perhaps, in part to the little-known fact that he spent several years in Chicago before the war as director of a stock company there—which taught him, if nothing else, the style of a Loop hair-cut and House of Kuppenheimer clothes. His present visit to the States was by way of a vacation from the vicissitudes of Berlin, where he has acquired a mighty reputation, and he had no intention of acting here at all, let alone settling down permanently.

Another American stock company in Paris is in process of being born. CHARLES LAITE is about to weigh anchor at the Lambs Club and sail for the Buttes with his wife, BLANCHE FISHER LAITE, the artist sister of LOLA FISHER. The Laites contemplate the inauguration of a theatre in Montmartre where monthly bills will be presented of recent popular plays in the States that are not likely to be given in France. This is the idea that CLARKE SILVERNAIL and EDWIN R. WOLFE were both compelled to abandon while over there, due to opposition and want of co-operation from French managers and unions.

Several directors have told me that certain stars in recent productions have all made a great effort to "observe" DUSE and get from the great tragedienne certain essential elements of her technique. All note that Duse is, above all, indifferent to her audience, careless in her biggest moments, heedless of "effect," and seemingly ignorant of there being such a thing as "stage center," and resolve to themselves and their directors that they will employ the same measures. Rehearsal has no sooner started, however, than Duse and her methods are forgotten and the old business begins of forcing other players down-stage in order the star may face toward them and the audience, of winding wherever possible into the sacred center of the stage and employing the other similar "hammy" tactics of the actor whose style of performance is more in the stagy manner than the human.

This may be a good deal in retrospect, but it's amusing enough and untold enough to set forth here. It seems that when the war came, P. G. WODEHOUSE, after having been turned down in London by a recruiting board, due to some minor defect or other with his eyes or where not, consoled himself by repairing to America and setting about writing the book of nearly every good musical show that came along, not to mention a few very amusing and successful novels on the side. By 1918 Wodehouse was so involved in work on divers scripts that he had a schedule arranged for weeks ahead and tacked on the wall before him to warn him when this or that was due and when he had to get after so and so. The Spring drive by the Germans placed Mrs. Wodehouse in a state of alarm and finally she walked into her husband's study one day and interrupted his typewriter with a very definite, "Plum, darling, you must go to war. The time has come when you who were rejected can now save the day." Wodehouse paused, meditated, regarded his schedule pensively and said, "Angel, I can give them two weeks in August!"

News that the Theatre Guild is to have a brand-new theatre and desert, forever, the old Garrick on Thirty-fifth Street, which has been its home these past several years, recalls a day when that ancient playhouse was leased by the Frohmans and run by them to steady losses, a state of affairs which was then ascribed to the fact that the theatre district had moved up-town to Forty-second Street. It was at the time that the late ALF HAYMAN managed the business end of Charles Frohman's affairs and time and again his associates heard him exclaim as fire-engines raced up or down Broadway, "Please God it's the Garrick!"

The death of BERT FRENCH, partner of ROSALIE STEWART and co-producer with her of *The Torch-Bearers, Meet the Wife and The Show-Off,* awakened the sympathies of Broadway as few deaths have in recent years. There was a quality of charm about French, an honesty and a friendliness that endeared him to everyone who met him, and it is typical of the reaction of the theatre world to the sad news that when it reached a meeting of the Producing Managers Association, then in session, the gathering at once voted a handsome floral offering despite the fact that French was not one of its members. A few weeks after the youthful manager's demise his widow was faced with a grave and

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

(*Top*) Scene from Act V of *The Comedy of Errors* at The Playmakers' Forest Theatre

(*Center*) Ray Heffner and Burke Fox in a remarkable characterization of the two Dromios

(*Left*) Professor Frederick H. Koch, originator of the Folk Play idea, and founder of The Carolina Playmakers, in the rôle of Petruchio, in last year's production of *The Taming of the Shrew*

"The Comedy of Errors" as Presented at the Carolina Playmakers Forest Theatre

ALTHOUGH the performance was given last August in celebration of the Tercentenary year of the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare's works, these scenes from the play are quite appropriately reproduced at this time, when colleges and schools fortunate in the possession of an outdoor theatre, are beginning to plan their Spring Shakespearean productions.

Here in a natural amphitheatre, the beauty of which has been further enhanced by careful planning, and placing of shrubbery, four of Shakespeare's plays have already been presented: *The Taming of the Shrew* in 1919 and 1923, *Twelfth Night* in 1920, *Much Ado About Nothing* in 1921 and *As You Like It* in 1922.

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools and Clubs

THE DRAMA LEAGUE CONVENTION AT PASADENA

FOR the first time in its history, the Drama League of America will hold an annual meeting on the Pacific Coast. The invitation of Pasadena Center to bring the convention to Southern California has been accepted. The week of May 27th, next, has been decided on. This year, Pasadena is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary; and the Drama League Convention is to be one of the big events of the occasion.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association, which traces its origin to the Pasadena Center of the Drama League, is co-operating in the arrangements for the forthcoming convention. Gilmor Brown, director of the Community Playhouse, has accepted the chairmanship of the program committee, and he is working out a schedule of events that will surely repay the delegates who come West next Spring.

At the same time, there will be a conference of representatives of the little, art and community theatres of the country. All non-professional groups, active in the producing of plays, will be invited to participate in this assembly, where questions of mutual interest will be considered, for the advancement of spoken drama fostered by amateurs.

After disposing of its regular business, the Drama League will devote special sessions to religious drama, plays for children, high-school dramatics and playwrights. There are to be two exhibits of designs, models and photoplays of the work that is being done by little, art and community theatres, and high schools, and colleges. Such authorities as Sam Hume, Irving Pickel, Kenneth MacGowan, Frederick H. Koch, Gordon Davis, T. B. Hinckley, Arthur Farwell, Stark Young, Maurice Browne, and others have been invited to address the convention.

Each evening during the week, there will be a special performance in the Pasadena Community Playhouse, for Drama League delegates and their friends, given by representative little theatre groups of the Pacific Coast. Among those asked to provide this part of the program are the Carmel Players, Santa Barbara Community Arts Players, Hollywood Community Players, San Diego Community Players, Pasadena Community Players, and others.

The social side of the convention will not be overlooked as the famous homes and gardens of Pasadena, and vicinity, will be open to those coming for the convention at teas and dinners. The final day, June 2nd, will be in charge of Los Angeles Center of the Drama League; so that a busy and profitable week is assured all who come.

STARK YOUNG LECTURES AT INSTITUTE OF UNITED ARTS

NOW, that the Master Institute of United Arts is settled in its new home, formerly one of the palatial residences of Riverside Drive, New York, an important series of lectures is under way.

The first of the series was a talk by Stark Young, the eminent American critic, on the Standards of Dramatic Criticism. He spoke on the fallacy of judging dramatic effort by preconceived notions, rather than upon the essential character of the work itself, and he likewise pointed out the need of unifying all arts within the theatre, stressing the points upon which the Master Institute was founded.

Mr. Young's lecture was followed by an exhibition of designs for stage settings by Mr. Warren Dahler, member of the faculty of Master Institute. Among the settings were those for *This Fine Pretty World,* which was recently presented at the Neighborhood Playhouse, *The Czarina, The Mob* and *Madras House.*

The second of the series was scheduled to be given by Mr. Deems Taylor, music critic and composer, on February 15th.

Another interesting announcement from the Master Institute, is the addition to its dramatic faculty of Edwin H. Wolfe, the American actor-manager, who, was stage-manager for *The Temperamental Journey, The Secret, Rolling Stones,* and more recently acted in the capacity of Stage Director of the American Theatre in Paris.

THE LITTLE THEATRE SOCIETY OF INDIANA

AS a tribute to Booth Tarkington, who is a native son of Indianapolis, where the Little Theatre Society holds forth, a special performance of Tarkington's

A setting of unusual interest was given Susan Glaspell's, play, *Trifles,* at the State College of Washington, Pullman, Washington. Miss Hulda Schweer, an instructor of dramatics in the college, designed the set which was executed by William Jackson, a student member of the Mask and Dagger Club, which presented the play

comedy, *The Wren,* was given by that enterprising Little Theatre group. The story of the play is laid in Maine, and Dr. John R. Newcomb played the part of Cap'n Olds, the retired sea captain of the Maine coast. In addition to playing one of the leading rôles, Doctor Newcomb also directed the production, from which a scene is shown on this page.

The cast of *Alice-Sit By-The-Fire,* recently produced by the Washington Square College Players of New York University. Standing: Richard Ceough, Julia Cohn, John Sasso, Elsa Barber, Edward Fitzhugh. Seated: Miriam Steep, Anne Mitchell, Randolph Somerville, Director, Annette Mason and Edwinna Colville. Several former members of Professor Somerville's group have crossed the line into the professional theatre, with marked success

Meredith Nicholson wrote for the occasion: "Tarkington is a rippling name that is luminous with happy connotations. It signifies, to a large and discerning number of the earth's inhabitants, light, cheer and wholesome, hopeful living. Satirist, humorist, teller of tales, in story and drama, he sits, as becomes him, on the front rank of Olympians.

It is fitting that the Little Theatre of Indianapolis should pay tribute—make an occasion for general rejoicing—in presenting a Tarkington play. He has brought great honor to this, his native town, by his repeated successes in the world of letters, while remaining always, to those of us who have long held him in affection, just Tark, the most interesting and charming of men."

THE STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON

Mask and Dagger, of the State College of Washington, has given an interesting production of the one-act play, *Trifles,* with an original setting which to the last detail, strengthened the atmosphere of oppressive melancholy which characterizes this play. The setting (see preceding page) was the work of Miss Hulda Schweer, a member of the club, and an instructor of dramatics in the college. It was executed by William Jackson, one of the students.

For ten years or more, *Mask and Dagger* has been active in furthering dramatic achievement, and raising the standard of dramatic appreciation, and each year this group has produced a one-act play, and a full-length play, their list of plays including: *A Doll's House, As You Like It, Electra, Passing of the Third Floor Back, The Melting Pot,* and others equally interesting. It hopes this year to put on *R. U. R.* or *The Seventh Heaven.*

ST. FRANCIS DRAMATIC SOCIETY OF MT. KISCO

This Westchester County group which began some three years ago with thirty members, and has since enlisted seventy active members in its Little Theatre Guild, is deserving of mention, because in spite of the difficulties under which they have operated—lack of stage room, insufficient lighting equipment, properties and scenery—they have presented a number of very creditable productions, including Clare Kummer's *The Robbery,* Arthur Hopkin's *Moonshine,* Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* Tarkington's *Clarence* and Max Marcin's *Three Live Ghosts.* The latter play was presented at the Waldorf Astoria, New York, where it was so well received that the Society was besieged with requests for additional benefit performances.

In the short term of its existence, this enterprising group has also produced three musical revues and a number of one-act plays, and they have in rehearsal William Collier's comedy hit, *The Hottentot,* which is scheduled for production in Mt. Kisco, in February.

The members of the group give credit for their success to the Rev. Richard J. Cooke, curate of the Mt. Kisco Catholic Church, who organized the group and has since acted as director, coach and play reader, ably supported by hard-working committees eminently fitted for the work.

The Society has only a small stage, typically "country," and for the present they can attempt nothing elaborate in the way of stage sets, but they "hope the time is not far distant when they will be able to do bigger and more ideal things for themselves, as well as for the community."

THE PLAY SHOP OF OKLAHOMA CITY

Like that other underground playhouse, the Triangle Theatre, in Greenwich Village, New York, the Play Shop in Oklahoma City has aims and aspirations that soar to the heights. And like Carroll Aikins of the Canadian Players, Wayne Campbell, Director of Dramatic Art in Oklahoma City College, is a pioneer—a

(*Continued on page* 66)

Scene from Booth Tarkington's *The Wren,* a play of the Maine seacoast, presented by the Little Theatre Society of Indiana as a tribute to Mr. Tarkington, who is a native son of Indiana

The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Charles LeMaire

"SPRING is in the air, Tubby," I said, sniffing, as we walked up Fifth Avenue, several weeks ago. Isn't it delicious! It smells like Spring clothes, if you get what I mean . . Like Spring clothes and traveling . . I am filled with *Wanderlust* . . "

Tubby cut me short.

"*Wanderlust* indeed!" he jeered. "How you talk . . you and *Wanderlust!* Why you couldn't be pried out of New York short of a dynamite bomb . . Look at the opportunities you pass up to go to Europe . . Look at . . "

"Well, just because I don't go away is no reason for saying that I might not want to," I said. "Plenty of people have *Wanderlust* who stay at home all their lives."

"Yes, but only those who have to . . you don't," returned Tubby.

"Oh, yes I do," I said. "I never find the moment when I can break away . . too many things are happening all the time . . But I insist that I *Wanderlust* in spirit . . "

"Have it your own way," said Tubby.

"And in the next few weeks," I continued, "I'm going to travel vicariously in helping several people get ready for different trips, beginning with Fanny . . Did you know Fanny is going to Europe for the first time? 'On to Paris for the horse chestnuts,' she keeps saying as we go round . . I'm helping to outfit her . . "

I was in fact on my way at the moment to meet Fanny at a well-known shop, where we were to choose a coat, if not, "of many colors," at least for many purposes. Not so easy, you'll say . . I'll say so too . . But this place I thought would do us well . . it was my suggestion we go there, and Fanny was perfectly amenable, since she had confidence in my being in the know . .

I shook Tubby and met Fanny as planned . . We were shown an array of good-looking coats at the shop, and Fanny's imagination was much taken with one of the black and white combinations we have been wearing recently, black silk and wool material with borders of white coney . . But I pointed out that such a coat would not be exactly serviceable for her purposes, and anyway why not have the very new, so she deferred to my judgment, and reluctantly abandoned it . . Then she wabbled between a copy of a Lanvin model, such as we had seen Madge Kennedy wearing, and a simple, but frightfully chic cape-sleeve model, which would be splendid for the steamer . . and finally, since the price of each was so really reasonable, she decided to scoop in both of them . .

"I need the dressier coat, as well as the practical one," she said. "I shall be 'seen off,' and land, in the first, and wear the other going over . . "

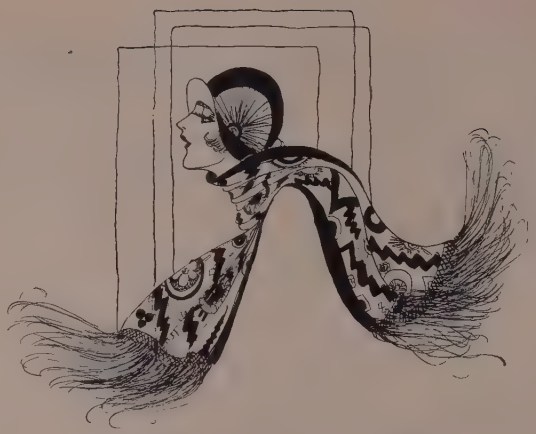
An extraordinarily smart cape-sleeve coat for traveling or motoring is of a practical woolen material in wood-brown, plaided with cream

Selena Royle of *Rust*, met on Fifth Avenue, was wearing one of the new "peach" colored fox scarfs

This Lanvin "pocket" model, in pale grey Hy-lo fabric, lined with a slightly deeper toned crêpe, will be wildly popular

You may see both coats on the previous page . .

The Lanvin model is of that smart Hy-lo material, where a smooth strip alternates with a slightly shaggy one, and it has the scarf collar which we are all going to wear, and the most amusing, flapperish, pockets . . They are on the *inside* of the coat . . of the material against a crêpe de Chine lining, and you thrust your hands into them, and flap back the corners of the coat, and strut in your best and most come-hither manner. All the world is going to be quite mad about this "pocket" model, as Fanny and I named it at once . . And I proceeded to order one for myself in the same shade as Fanny's, a pale grey with slightly deeper crêpe lining . . The other coat was a slender affair, warm and practical, its simplicity given a *cachet* by the imported material, a soft wood-brown plaided widely with lines of cream. Later I steered another friend of mine to the same shop for the same model . . She wanted hers for motoring up and down from Long Island, and to wear in town, and as Fanny was to be abroad for the whole summer they would not collide . .



New Russian scarfs shown at a smart shop on Fifty-seventh Street are hand-painted in vivid colors or in black and white

To return to the outfitting of Fanny . . After choosing the coats I insisted that a fur for the neck was indispensable . . and that Fanny must make that a fox skin, since fashion was featuring those again . .

"Come with me," I said, "and I will show you a furrier's where you can get the best values in fox skins . . variety of shades, and beauty of fur, and reasonable prices . . "

We found at this furrier's, just as I said, some stunning neckpieces in the new shades of cocoa, and grey, and beige, and "peach" . . the latter absolutely the latest in fox skins, and really a rich cream on the surface, the peach undertone, in the thick part of the fur, giving it its name . . An exquisite shade! Fanny did not hesitate in selecting one of these, and thanked me profusely for my lead . .

"Now that we've found each other, you sweet little thing," said Fanny, gazing into the bright glass eyes of the fox head, "we shan't be separated a moment" . . and walked out with "the peach" over her arm . . Half-way up the Avenue we ran into Selena Royle, who is playing in *Rust,* with an identical "peach" skin round her neck . . In *Rust,* Miss Royle wears a dark "transformation," and plays a Spanish girl, and everybody says "how exactly the type!" . . But in every-day life she is as fair as any Scandinavian "Solveig"—she had the part of "Solveig" in *Peer Gynt* last season —or as, say, Marilynn Miller, whom she resembles in coloring and somewhat in profile. The "peach" fox, worn with a rough beige coat, was a most alluring harmony with her yellow hair and creamy skin . .

"Have we time to look at suits, Angelina, before the shops close?" asked Fanny.

"Oh easily," I said. "And let's go up on New York's *Rue de la Paix* for that" . . Omniscient as usual, I knew "just the place" . .

It was indeed . . Not only the place, but the time, and the girl . . for there was the lovely Juliette Crosby just going in for the last fitting on a tailored suit, which she let us see when it was all adjusted . . And if there is one person who knows what to wear and how to wear it, it is Miss Crosby . .

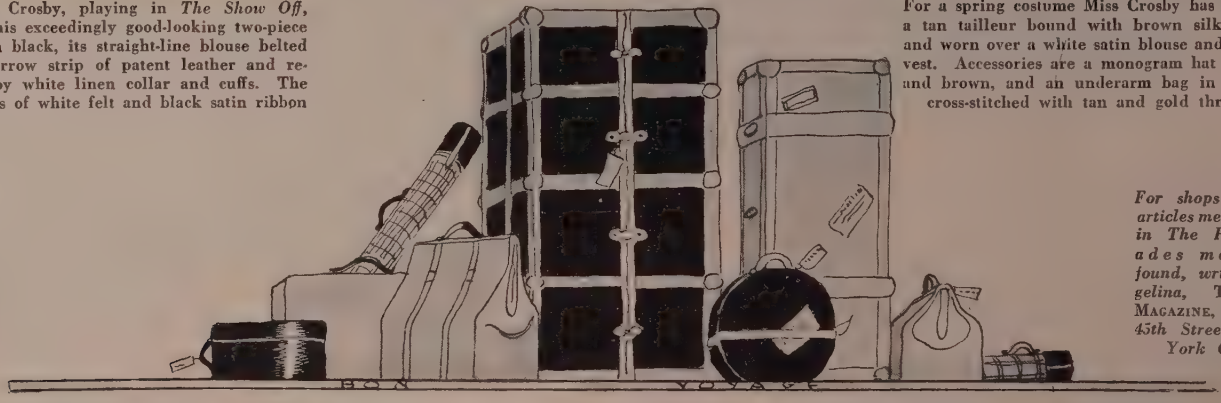
The suit was in tan twill, a simple one-button model bound with dark-brown silk braid and was worn over a white piqué vest and white satin tailored blouse. To go with it, Miss Crosby had chosen from the same place, one of the new monogram hats in tan and dark-brown, and a large underarm bag of very dark-brown suède embroidered in a kind of tan and gold thread cross-stitching . . The whole made a most delightful outfit . . Fanny ordered one like it on the spot . . and we started

White

Juliette Crosby, playing in *The Show Off,* wears this exceedingly good-looking two-piece frock in black, its straight-line blouse belted in a narrow strip of patent leather and relieved by white linen collar and cuffs. The cloche is of white felt and black satin ribbon

White

For a spring costume Miss Crosby has chosen a tan tailleur bound with brown silk braid and worn over a white satin blouse and piqué vest. Accessories are a monogram hat in tan and brown, and an underarm bag in brown cross-stitched with tan and gold thread



To make it a real "bon voyage" nothing is more conducive than smart and practical luggage. We suggest, as something new, kit bags for women, and with the proper hat-boxes and the best and latest thing in wardrobe trunks (See p. 46), one makes a good start and a better finish

For shops where articles mentioned in The Promenades may be found, write Angelina, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

to call it a day . . I say start because on our way out of the shop Fanny saw some gorgeous Russian scarfs of painted and fringed silk and had to stop and add one of those to her purchases . . Then we really could call it a day . .

"Tomorrow's matinée day . . let's go down to The Playhouse and get seats for Miss Crosby's play, *The Show Off*," I suggested to Fanny. "Not only is it one of the plays you have to see, but Miss

Of deep cream lace and net and pink ribbon, this boudoir cap is made in the new fashion, with deep frills that conceal the neck and most of the face

Crosby said she thought we'd like the clothes she wears in it . . She heard you talking about wanting a simple frock for wear under a coat, and thought the model she wears in the last act might appeal to you . . I believe it's in black, but you could have it copied in brown, or possibly in the same color crêpe as the lining of your pale grey coat . . Miss Crosby is going to pose in both that and her tailored suit, and promised to send me pictures for my pages, and the name of the shop from which *The Show Off* model came, but I should like to see it at first hand, wouldn't you?"

Fanny felt as I did, and we rushed down Sixth Avenue for our tickets . . Before going home to dinner, we made a date to meet the following morning . .

The next day we took up the trail again . . and here was where I really enjoyed myself . . in the lingerie department . . I won't go into all the things we selected, but you will like to hear about the boudoir caps we saw, and two of which we purchased, and the black "hussy" underclothing . . At least it used to be designated as "hussy" a very short time back, just as before the war pink lingerie was . .

But with the wearing of so many black dresses, and with the bateau or low necklines that were always slipping and showing a line of pink or white, some of the best dressed, and even the most conservative women, adopted black underthings

For the young and fair is a cap of pale-blue taffeta with rows of narrow pink velvet ribbon round the crown and a lace frill

. . And Fanny felt that black "nighties" were especially good for travel, as "they had a certain neutrality when it came to stewards and porters, and the necessitous opening up of one's bag on various occasions, that pink or blue didn't afford . . " Besides . . mere trifling incident, of course . . "black nighties were so becoming!"

Black underthings in general are, too . . We found at a certain Fifth Avenue shop, specializing in French lingerie, one

Another of the new caps in écru lace and ribbon, that has the kindly concealing frills in back and necessitates only the making up of one's chin and mouth

of the nighties for which Fanny was looking, and two lovely models for evening, all three of which you may see at the top of the page . . We liked the nightie because it was so simple, merely crêpe de Chine and inserts of black lace . . and the combination for the same reason, though in that black georgette was the material instead of crêpe de Chine . . As it was in the evening skirt, which was ideal for giving a slender outline, its pleated georgette hung on a yoke of sheer black lace points, so that one had practically nothing around the hipline . .

As to the caps . . they were adorable . . and quite the most practical we had seen . . Because, as Fanny and I agreed, what, after all, is the nature of a boudoir cap . . A hurry-up affair, isn't it? Something to cover you in an emergency until you have time for making yourself really presentable . . Like the well-known saying of someone-or-other to the something-or-other effect that "youth with its beauty and charm was given us to make us acceptable, until we have time for really becoming so . . " Thus boudoir caps . . And these did indeed cover one up sensibly as they should. Frills at the back to conceal any of those stray strings of hair, and deep frills in front . . almost covering the nose . .

"In case of fire, or any other emergency," said Fanny, "I shall simply powder my chin, and rouge my lips, and be all there in a second . . Moreover I shall always wear this style of cap, now I've learned about it, because I can't imagine anything better or more fetching that could be created. The older I get the better they'll be . . "

Whereupon she ordered one in black lace with a pink-satin rose, to go with her black nightdress . .

One thing I insisted that Fanny should buy that rather surprised her . . and that was washable gloves . .

"But I'm going to the country of gloves," she expostulated. "Why stack up on those?"

"Because you never can be sure about sizes for one reason," I responded. "American gloves are made to fit American hands, even those that are imported . . And, though there are kid gloves to be bought on the other side, how do you know they have the washable chamoisettes, which are indispensable for traveling . . And, then perhaps most of all, I have discovered a store where you can get a fascinating variety of washable chamoisettes

For traveling what more convenient than the possession of a flask! And when it is of gold-striped, hand-hammered silver, light in weight, and with its matching cigarette case, and ducky little match-box, you achieve smartness along with your practicality

. . In plain white, soft and thick, in white with smart black stitching . . in that pale beige shade so difficult to find . . "

Of course the washables would be mainly for traveling and mornings, and "hack work," so to speak. For sprucer occasions there should be kid gloves, and for these I recommended to Fanny the new gloves of doeskin, or of antelope, which the best-dressed women are favoring, and about which I may have something more to say next month . . "Buy them here and now," was my argument, "don't wait till you get abroad . . and then you'll know what you're getting, and that they fit."

"But we're forgetting the most important item," protested Fanny, "a trunk to put all these things in . . "

"Oh, no we're not," I promptly responded, "I've merely been waiting . . I know the very trunk for you, and where to get it . . It's a wardrobe that opens from the side by a door, instead of having to be pushed open with difficulty in the middle, pulling up rugs and scratching floors . . For this reason also it can be tucked away in corners, where the average wardrobe trunk can't go . . And better yet the drawer sections are at the back, with their own door, independently reached and locked . . "

"I'm sold," cried Fanny. "Say no more!"

I could have, at that . . there were several features of this special trunk I hadn't touched on at all . . Perhaps you'll like to know them, and will write me . .

Tubby's *bon voyage* present to Fanny was a flask, cigarette case, and match-box, of hand-hammered silver, with two yellow-gold stripes. Perfectly stunning! I was green with envy . . The present was inspired by his just having gone with Henry Hull to pick out a set like it . . "Only be careful, Fanny, and don't treat any of those wicked foreigners," teased Tubby. "The first thing you know they'll be kissing your hand!"

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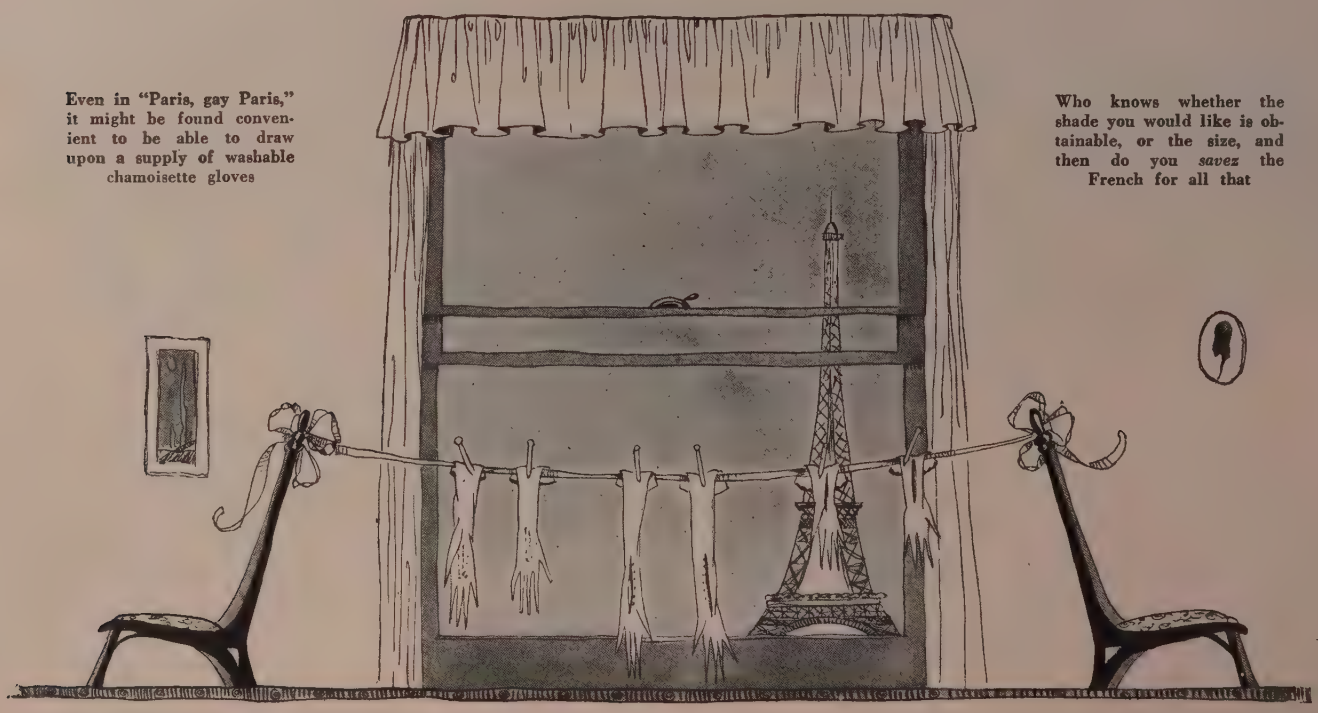

Even in "Paris, gay Paris," it might be found convenient to be able to draw upon a supply of washable chamoisette gloves

Who knows whether the shade you would like is obtainable, or the size, and then do you *savez* the French for all that

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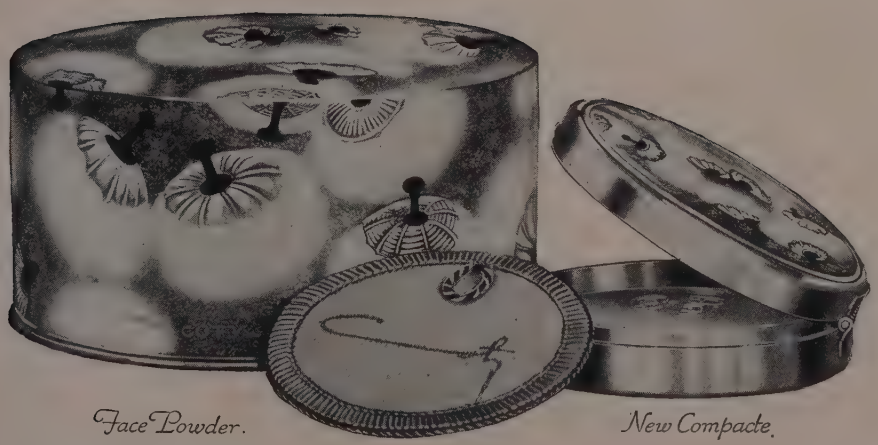

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(*Continued from page* 28)

dominates the conversation; Beatrice becomes more and more nervous.

AGI: ——But take Vega now—the one you ridiculed so awhile ago—well, that remote, *barely discernible,* little *star,* for all its modesty, shines exactly a thousand times more brightly than the sun.

ALBERT: How considerate of it to be so modest.

AGI: It isn't modest—simply a great way off.

ALBERT: All the more reason for it to twinkle modestly.

AGI: It twinkles modestly only for you, your Highness. But for me who can appreciate it, it shows its true strength. And I take pride in proclaiming that it shines more brightly than the sun—and that it shines with its own God-given radiance, your Highness (*places his hand to his breast*), its own.

ALBERT (*smiling*): No doubt, professor, but of course you know these are things I can't understand

AGI: No, your Highness.

BEATRICE (*to Symphorosa*): How can I bear this any longer?

ALBERT: Splendid! At last someone who dares to tell me there is something I don't understand.

AGI: Yes, your Highness, this is something you know nothing about.

ALBERT: For twenty years I have longed to be addressed in that tone. Let me tell you that as an astronomer and as a man you have delighted me—and your manner is charming.

AGI: Whether or not I have delighted you doesn't greatly interest me.

ALBERT: And so frank! Charming! Charming! I *am* enjoying myself!

BEATRICE (*slowly stands up preparatory to fainting*): Oh—— You will have to excuse me—— A little faintness. . . .

Albert supports his aunt and leads her from the room. Symphorosa follows them soon afterwards, and Hyacinth, Alexandra and Agi are left alone. Hyacinth, afraid that Alexandra is taking the affair too seriously, talks to them both like a father, until Beatrice sends for him. The servants withdraw and Alexandra unbends still more in her attitude towards Agi. Cæsar comes in to say that Prince Albert's mother has announced her intention of coming to the Castle in the morning, she is obviously coming at her son's call, to ask for Alexandra's hand in marriage. Albert enters to wish Alexandra good night, and finding the Professor still there, cannot resist a few biting remarks at his expense; this presumption on the part of a mere tutor, is really beyond a joke.

ALEXANDRA: Don't laugh at him, Albert. He is a scholar and a poet—an astronomer.

ALBERT (*calmly*): An ill-bred little star-gazer.

AGI (*taking a step forward*): Your Highness.

ALEXANDRA (*beside herself—standing in Agi's way*): You are going too far, Albert. You mustn't say such a thing.

ALBERT: Ah, but I do!

ALEXANDRA: I will not allow it—when it was for my sake that——

AGI: Your Highness, I—I——

ALBERT (*coldly, calmly*): You are a presumptuous intruder.

ALEXANDRA (*at the height of her excitement*): Don't answer him, Nicholas. I forbid you to. (*With her voice breaking*): Oh my God! Nicholas! (*For a moment she hesitates, looks at Albert, then throws herself on Agi, embraces him passionately, kisses him and rests a moment against his breast.*) The Prince's retinue, Symphorosa and the lackeys withdraw. Hyacinth does not go. He only takes a few steps backward. Alexandra releases Agi, stands a moment stiff and staring, then leans half-fainting against the edge of the table.

ALBERT: I beg your pardon. This is another matter—quite another matter. In that case I most humbly beg your forgiveness, Professor. (*Bows stiffly.*) Good night. Symphorosa enters and leads the half-swooning Alexandra gently away. Hyacinth approaches Agi, stops in front of him and kisses him suddenly. Smiling graciously, Hyacinth hurries off. Agi stares after him.

ACT III. The Drawing-room of a Suite in the Castle. Early the next morning. Dominica arrives, and after a few preliminary remarks, she comes to the point.

DOMINICA (*stands up and kisses Beatrice*): Now to business. Do I have to tell you what I am here for?

BEATRICE: Oh, Dominica!

DOMINICA: I have come to you almost as joyfully as a bride. To tell you the truth, much more joyfully than when I was a bride. Poor Victor—well—never mind. What I mean to say is—my son wishes to marry your daughter. (*Again they stand up, kiss each other and sit down.*) (*Beatrice cries.*) Why do you weep? Is it as sad as that?

BEATRICE: I am so overwhelmed.

DOMINICA: Then collect yourself. You must sooner or later make up your mind to it. His Majesty is more pleased to approve the marriage. And I had a long wire from Albert yesterday, explaining that he did not dare to show how delighted he was with Alexandra until I came. You know he never commits himself without first consulting me.

BEATRICE: He is such a perfect son.

DOMINICA: Happy the people with such a king! But as I was saying: He wrote that he was beginning to find his enforced silence very irksome, and he begged me to come at once so

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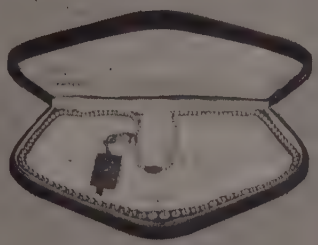

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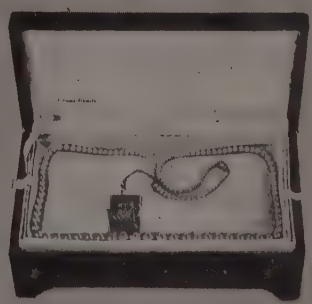

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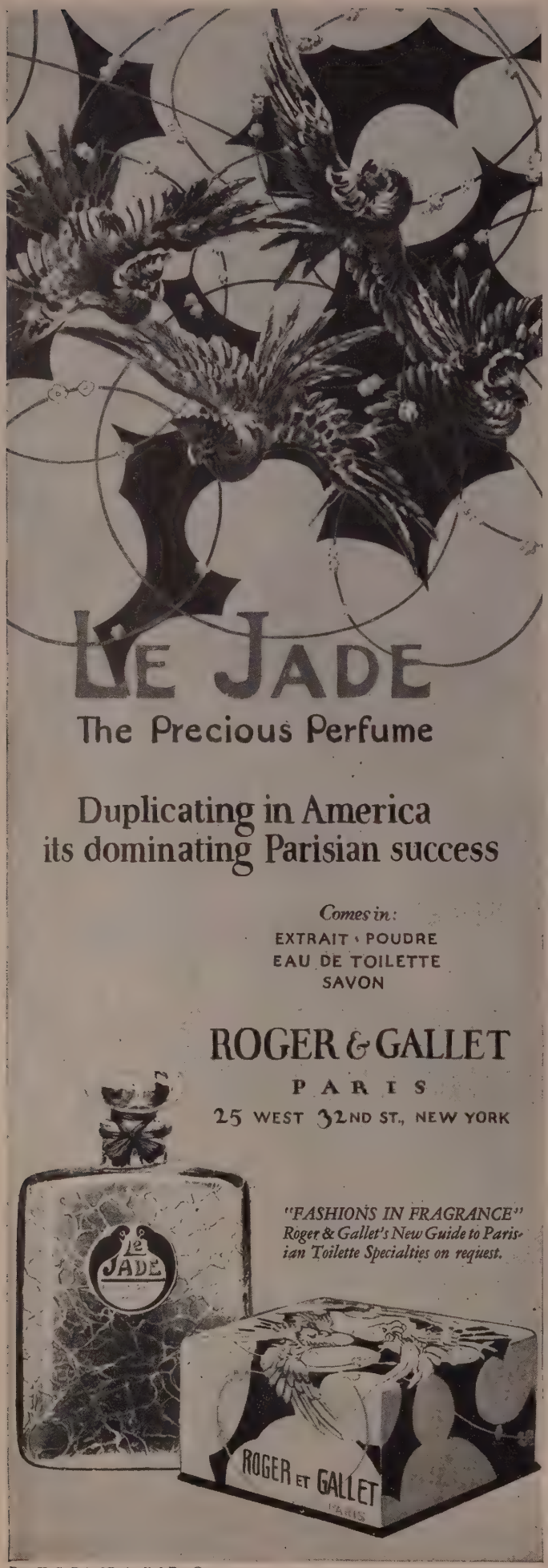

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that he could tell you how delighted he was and how happy he could be with her. (*They stand up and kiss each other.*)

BEATRICE: Oh, Dominica!

DOMINICA: I am not surprised. Your daughter is truly beyond criticism—beautiful, intelligent and dignified. That's what I like about her—her dignity—her magnificent reserve.

BEATRICE: How sweet of you to say that!

DOMINICA: I mean it. I do not at all approve of the modern tendency toward freedom of manner, so noticeable in the younger generation. Fortunately there is not even a suggestion of it in Alexandra—one could not ask for more perfect stateliness and aloofness—in fact, she is, if anything a little too aloof when she has to do with her inferiors—a little unnecessarily cold.

BEATRICE: Cold? You could hardly say that.

DOMINICA: But I told you that that was what I particularly admired in her.

BEATRICE: She has changed lately. She treats her inferiors almost warmly now.

DOMINICA: And so my husband's dream is fulfilled. For this marriage, you know——

BEATRICE: ——was his one thought in life.

DOMINICA: And I am happy to say that whatever obstacles there were to the marriage have been removed. Albert is free to follow the dictates of his heart.

They go on to discuss the political storm which Albert had to weather "before he could drop anchor in this safe port," to quote Dominica. Hyacinth enters, and joins in the discussion, but Beatrice soon begins to show signs of fainting again, when it becomes necessary to explain Alexandra's conduct of the night before. However, Hyacinth reassures her by taking Dominica into their confidence, and gives her such a tactful and diplomatic account of the episode that Dominica is more convinced than ever that Alexandra is a truly noble and intelligent girl, and she expresses a wish to see the tutor. The Countess and Symphorosa enter to inform Dominica that Albert has risen early and is waiting for her in the next room. Alexandra comes in during her absence, and when she learns from Cæsar that Agi has been summoned by Dominica, she waits to speak to him. But Agi's attitude when he greets the Princess is entirely different. He is now cold and reserved, and the Princess is slightly piqued by his composure. Hyacinth appears with an apology from Albert, who wishes to see the tutor. Agi begs to be excused, but the Prince enters and is most gracious. George and Arsene come to bid the Professor good-bye, each presenting him with a bouquet of flowers. Deeply touched, he goes off with them. Albert asks Alexandra to marry him. She tells him that her only feelings for him are friendship and respect, but he is content to wait for "the love which comes after marriage." Dominica enters to welcome Alexandra as a daughter.

ALEXANDRA: My dearest Aunt, if you deem me worthy——

DOMINICA: Worthy in every way, my dear daughter, but with this one word of advice—remember hereafter that your dear father used to call you his Swan. Never forget that—and think always of what it means to be a Swan. You may glide proudly, superbly over the smooth surface of the lake—but you must never approach the shore. For when the Swan tries to walk, as it waddles up the bank, then it very much resembles another bird——

ALEXANDRA: A goose?

DOMINICA: Exactly, my dear. The nature books teach us that the swan is no more than a very haughty duckling. So it must stay out on the lake—be a bird but never fly; know one song but never sing it—until death. So for you, my dear daughter, the calm waters of the lake—there you must remain—with head high, oblivious of the crowds along the shore—and the song, never.

CÆSAR (*enters from right*): Breakfast is served.

(*Hyacinth proffers Dominica his arm. Next goes Beatrice alone. Then Albert and Alexandra arm in arm. They exit. Cæsar strides majestically after them.*)

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The complete translation of *The Swan* published by Messrs. Boni & Liveright is by Benjamin Glazer. The same volume contains a translation by Mr. Glazer of Molnar's comedy *Fashions for Men.*

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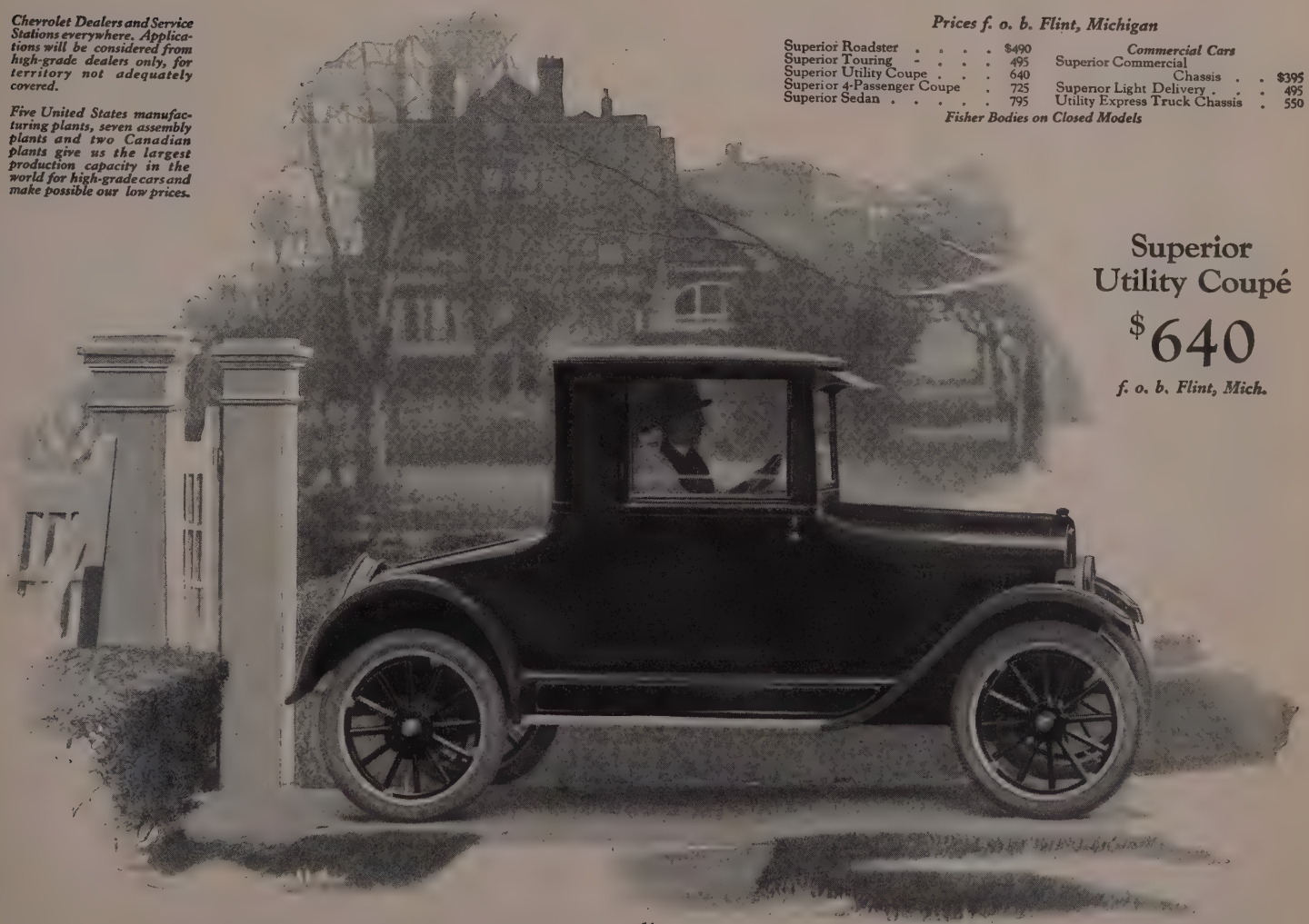

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SO THIS IS HOLLYWOOD!

(*Continued from page 24*)

required Mr. Armstrong to put a curtain in front of the window. The curtain is of transparent scrim. It comes up almost to Mr. Chaplin's neck as he sits modestly in the window.

The press at the door is terrific. Yes, my dear, this is the only restaurant in Hollywood. If you don't get in you'll simply have to starve—that's all.

Note this group of three tourist ladies who have fought their way to the front row of seekers for places and now stand on the threshold of paradise, waiting patiently for a vacancy sufficient to their triple bulk. All three have their hands properly folded over their imposing abdomens. So this is Hollywood!

The buff walls of the restaurant re-echo the latest *bon mots*. The crack of yesterday is no good today. Give us a new one.

At this prominent table in the center of the room are nine young-men-about-Hollywood. Nine young men in sweaters and knickers. Nine young men wearing cynical morgues. They know all the new words. Listen!

"And he says, 'Which will you take, the diamonds or fifty dollars?' And I says, 'I'll take the fifty dollars.' Ho, ho!"

Here is the real queen of the carnival. This precocious blonde of twelve with make-up on her face. Mr. Armstrong himself finds her a seat while the tourists wait—and stare. She's somebody, all right. A baby star. A little hazy on third-grade studies, but proficient with a salad fork. How-do-you-do!

Jack Holt's athletic shoulders fill the niche next to that of the comedy king. Jack holds it for a still—cigarette to lips, eyes half closed, while the smoke drifts romantically upward. The hearts of the tourist ladies palpitate madly.

The king is going to make his exit. Pshaw!

Yes, Mr. Chaplin just can't stand the ogling any longer. Besides he finished his salad half an hour ago. This place is getting too crowded. Even his quiet nook—by the window—is being invaded by the tourists.

Simultaneous creaking of chairs and necks.

"Hello, Charlie! Good-bye, Charlie! So long, Charlie! Hey, Charlie!"

Yes, we know Chaplin. Of course. Good actor, Chaplin. But I told him the other day——

Look out for your coat buttons, Charlie! The tourist ladies are fumbling in their handbags. They probably have scissors concealed there.

And look out for your beautiful, tall, wiry mop of gray and black hair. These Delilahs will shear you for souvenirs.

With elaborate unconsciousness the king makes his progress to the doorway. A character actor on the bench at the entrance fails to observe his passage. A henchman kicks the actor's shins. The response is instant and automatic.

"Hello, Charlie! Good-bye, Charlie! So long, Charlie! Hey, Charlie!"

The king passes out. Laughter and language flutter on the wing, droop and drop. Appetites flag. Tourist ladies sigh. The crowd is melting. All the goldfish have been fed.

MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(*Continued from page 22*)

no one ever found him asleep. He told me he never goes to bed before five in the morning. "Because," he said, "I don't want to miss anything."

He has more conscious and unconscious imitators than anyone on the stage.

Mr. Cohan's motto is: "Every little while give them something new." He told me that with a little twinkle in his eye before he gave his alleged farewell performance at the Hudson Theatre three years or so ago, and David Belasco and other high dignitaries of the stage were there to weep. He came back within the year. But he had "given them something new." He had stimulated public interest in him and in his productions.

Whisper. No, I'll say it aloud. He dislikes the critics. He says the breed never did anything for him or his. Never liked his plays. Never liked his acting. "When I stopped acting and walked around the stage they said I was a great actor," he said to me with tincture of aloes in his tone.

He loves old folks, little children, serious plays, his mother, his wife, his children—including his eldest daughter, Georgette, by his first marriage, and who has given him a son-in-law—fair play and the memory of the two Cohans who, passing, left but half the original four.

He feels but one lack in his life. He has told me that for completeness of attainment and satisfaction with life he should have had a college education. Having left school at seven and been road-taught and father-taught and self taught, he is an ardent advocate of the higher education. But he has gotten on several millions' worth, and has been called "America's idol" without it.

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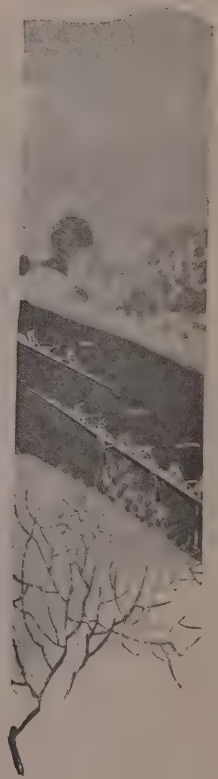

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THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMERCIALISM IN THE THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 9)

opportunities, then on what ground can it be justifiably condemned?

Certainly not on the ground of any consequent depreciation in artistic standards! People who pretend to abhor commercialism in the theatre for this reason are shallow thinkers. I do not say that the theatre is a perfect institution, that it does not have its share of abuses, often in the very name of art. But our critics should be more discriminating. They should remember what a manager is up against. Luck will never subsidize the theatre; it must subsidize itself. The pot-boiler often makes possible the masterpiece. In other words, art and sound business are interdependent. If there were no publishing houses, substantially invested with real property, printing presses, and all their subsidiary functions, what would become of the artistic ebullitions of our *literati?* If there were no financially healthy theatres what would become of our drama? What good is the art that does not reach an audience?

The fact that the producers I mentioned above have placed their calling on a sound financial basis has not limited their artistic endeavors. Quite the contrary! It has given them that much greater opportunity to experiment, to go out of their way for the best the drama has to offer, to give more thorough treatment to their productions. Because our business foundation happens to be one of the largest and most efficient in the theatrical world does not—by obverse logic—argue a limitation to our own artistic efforts. A random list of Shubert offerings for the last few seasons is sufficient answer.

My whole argument can be summed up very briefly. Where, fifteen years ago, three fine plays were produced in a season, twenty fine plays reach the boards today, largely because that much-abused commercialism has helped to make room for them. Playwrights are no longer nursing their ambitions in garrets on condensed milk and cracker crumbs; they are riding in limousines, living on Riverside Drive and raising families. Over 120,000 persons are employed annually in an average of 1,500 companies, playing a season of approximately thirty weeks, in 5,000 theatres throughout the United States. Opportunity is at the flood. Art has its medium ready to hand, and an appreciative public is paying $150,000,000 a year to enjoy it.

There is the whole record of commercialism in the American theatre! Our visionary critics have simply ignored the fact that the theatrical business is a complicated gamble. Success in it—as in every other line of endeavor—is measured by financial solvency. If it had no fiscal measure it would have no permanency. It would seem, unfortunately, that no other calling is so subject to adverse and thoughtless comment as our own, but hard work and application, unequivocal business principles and judgment brings success in this, as in any other occupation. Many still go into it, risking the gamble in the hope of becoming solvent. They seldom succeed. We started with the reverse principle. We first became solvent before we gambled—a fairly good rule, and fairly generally applied.

MUSIC

(*Continued from page* 34)

and authority, and one endowed with a voice of more than ordinary smoothness and beauty of timbre. If only Mme. Matzenauer had been equal to her companions! There was a time when Mme. Matzenauer's was one of the great voices of the world. But in those days she was a contralto. Now she has aspired to Brunnhilde and Isolde, and the result has been disaster. The contralto like the shoemaker ought to stick to her last.

OF tenors and sopranos and bassos, and even of contraltos, the Metropolitan has its full proportion. There are also a number of admirable lyric barytones, but where are the successors to the great Amato or even to Dinh Gilly? Titta Ruffo was once such a singer and might still have been had he not impaired his voice by his stentorian bellowings, and perhaps Friederich Schorr, when he arrives, may prove to be such an artist. But at present we have only Antonio Scotti, still supreme as an actor, but whose voice has gone the way of all flesh; Giuseppe De Luca and Giuseppe Danise, admirable lyric barytones; and a new American, Lawrence Tibbets, also a lyric barytone who has proved at least vocally a worthy successor to the lamented Mario Laurenti. Then, of course, there is Clarence Whitehill, one of the supreme artists of opera, but he is essentially a bass-barytone. Another admirable artist the Metropolitan has lost, at least temporarily, is Thomas Chalmers, who is now appearing in the spoken drama, but Mr. Chalmers was also light-barytone. What the Metropolitan needs is a singer fitted for Amonasro, Barnaba, Manfredo. Let Signor Gatti-Casazza send out into the highways and byways and bid all such barytones to his operatic banquet!

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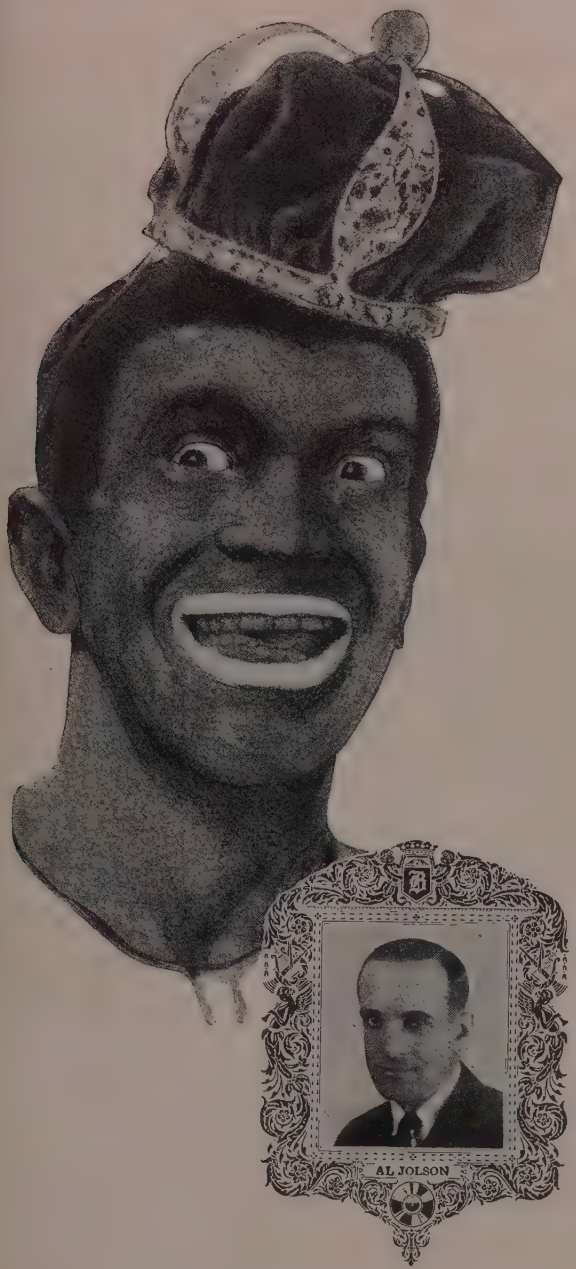

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WHY I DON'T WRITE MORE SERIOUS PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 10)

mixed audience. When one of my own lines shocks me, I hasten to cut it. "I should think so!" I can hear a voice saying. But I do not trust entirely to my own sensibilities. I listen to my audience. If it laughs wholeheartedly and wholesomely at a line, I let it stand. But if the laugh comes furtively, or only from the men, I cut it.

It is a peculiar thing, though, about men and women, in an audience. I have noticed, in plays of my own, that in the evening women will often not laugh at a line which was laughed at very heartily by a matinée audience, composed almost exclusively of women. The reason, of course, for the evening restraint, is that the woman fears to laugh at a *risqué* line, before her male escort, lest she destroy some of his illusions about her. It is rather a pity that women are thus forced to control themselves, for I think that, generally speaking, they enjoy *risqué* plays more than the men do. You see, the average male lives a—shall we say, less sheltered life—than the average female. He does all the things that most of the women only think about. That is why, of course, he often reads into a play meanings which are not there, but which are supplied by his own spotted consciousness. I remember, in the case of *The Demi Virgin,* no one found anything particularly reprehensible in the play, until the censorship excitement and the effort to suppress the play had begun. Then people in the audiences, especially men, found *double entente* in lines which were absolutely innocent in their intent. And I remember another case, in which a magistrate took exception to certain lines in a play of mine. I could not see what he found objectionable in them. He told me what he thought they meant. I was half amused, half horrified. He was, I suppose, a man of irreproachable character, but he had the mind of the reformer—which, so often, is a moral garbage can. And when he told me that he had gone over the play with his wife and his daughter, and they had all of them found the same meanings in those innocent lines, I thought, "My God, what a family!"

Cases of this sort, of course, are fairly common, and are perfectly understood by the students of Freud and the modern psychiatrists. I would suggest that before anyone is allowed to sit in judgment upon a play or novel, he should be psychoanalyzed, to find out whether he is morally competent to give an opinion.

Oh, well, the world is full of all sorts of people, and the theatre has undergone many persecutions, and survived them. And it will continue to do so, for the theatre is a great and enduring institution, like the church, and the state. And there is progress in all three of them, and what was a scandal yesterday is an accepted commonplace today. Witness the hullabaloo, ten years ago, about Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* Nowadays, when it is performed, no one gets excited. It is regarded as interesting, but a bit old-fashioned.

As for me, I shall go on writing comedies, and if I feel like writing *risqué* plays I shall do so. But if people don't stop asking me to write a serious play, maybe I'll do that too. And then maybe everyone will be sorry!

MERRY WIVES OF GOTHAM

(*Continued from page* 12)

MISS CREWS: Friends, yes. But beau! He's a nice married man.

MISS GEORGE: Tush!

Miss Crews shuffles away in Annie O'Tandy's heelless shoes. A pleasant purr of welcome greets her from the group that is taking her out to dine. The half-open door reveals her ten minutes later, in velvet and sealskin, a velvet hat disclosing the golden softness of her hair. As unlike Annie O'Tandy, Harlem shanty dweller, as are the before-and-after-taking sketches of a patent-medicine advertisement.

MISS GEORGE (*sending a smile after the dinner-seeking procession*): I have never worked with anyone so satisfactorily. We knew each other very casually, and I did not know what to expect. Aside from the personal liking that grew rapidly, I was disarmed by her technique. She commanded my respect by her knowledge of her business. That is the best foundation for working as harmoniously as you think we do.

HUMBLE I: I went out of the theatre with the wish that you twin sisters might have recognized each other at last.

MISS GEORGE: The majority of people say that. But it would have been a banal scene. It would have cheapened the play.

HUMBLE I: An audience does not think its way through a play. It feels.

MISS GEORGE: Then its wish to make us happy proved it likes us.

HUMBLE I: Not the slightest doubt of it.

MISS GEORGE (*her snowflake hand outstretched in parting*): Thank you. You don't know how pleasantly that falls upon our ears. I think sometimes that no one knows I am alive.

But it was a smile of happiness that sped me toward Forty-third Street. The sun was shining through the dun mists of the street. The "Merry Wives of Gotham" are Happy Wives.

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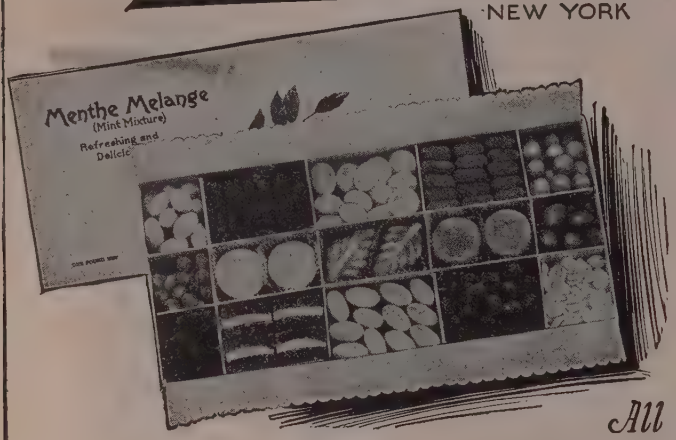

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BEL-GEDDES — MASTER OF THE SCENIC ART

(*Continued from page* 20)

"We scene designers must always keep in mind the fact that the dramatist and the actor are the primary things to be considered in the theatre. Scenery, lighting and costuming are subsidiary and must be kept so. Yet the statements so often made that fine scenery kills a production is ridiculous. Scenery conceived in the spirit of the drama never killed either the acting or the drama. The problem of the scenic artist is how to realize faithfully, even humbly, the intention of the dramatist and actor, never to thrust his own personality into the foreground, but to try to play his part in a perfect synthesis of drama, acting, and scenic investiture."

This sanity runs through all Mr. Geddes' outlook on life and art. He has, for instance, no particular type of play with which he prefers to work. He believes that realism, romanticism, symbolism all have their place in the theatre, and he wishes to vary his efforts in applying his art by turn to each type of play.

"I have a horror of getting into a rut, of having people say of a production—'that is typically Geddes.' I hope that day will never come, and I shall do everything to put it off by refusing to work any length of time for any one producer or to set a series of plays of the same type. Art must be flexible to be universal. An artist must not allow his spiritual muscles to become set."

This is the key-note of the nature of Norman Bel-Geddes—he has never become the slave of a style. Those who saw the cool Eighteenth Century settings of his *School for Scandal,* the rich Elizabethan atmosphere of *Will Shakespeare,* the frivolousness of *Orange Blossoms,* the Victorian solidity of *The Truth About Blaydes,* and the futuristic decorations of the *Palais Royal* have realized this.

Mr. Geddes is rich in plans for the future. At present he is hard at work on the plans for the new theatre of the Theatre Guild, which is to be the most modern playhouse in America, equipped with a sinking stage which will allow almost instantaneous shifting of scenes. But it is no secret that he does not wish to confine his art to mere designing whether of scenery, costumes, or theatres. He wishes to produce plays as well, and it is not at all improbable that the near future will find him in full command of the destinies of a theatre of his own.

VAUDEVILLE

(*Continued from page* 36)

IT is gruesome and not a little depressing to see so scrupulous an imitation of the late Bert Savoy as that one achieved by Jay Brennon's new partner, one Rogers, who affects the make-up, mannerisms, styles and "line" of "Marge's" classic girl friend, without a simple inclination of the wig to her inspired creator. The Brennon-Rogers combination features the same fly sidewalk-conversation which furnished the famed Savoy and Brennon bywords. It may be only a weakly exaggerated delicacy which prevents my enjoying it. But Rogers seems, for all the studied skill of his reproduction, to fall far short of his humorous predecessor.

THE exuberant Herror Olsen and Johnson, less funny than ever (to fly in the face of the impossibility of taking something from nothing), have made another vivid descent upon the Metropolis. But this time the lads' delicate taste in humor was even further estranged from the accepted concept of cultivated comedy. For, while a gracious and dignified soprano on the bill contributed a number to their masterly "afterpiece," at the piano Herr Johnson, familiarly yclept "Chick," was moved to certain wriggling, eyelid-fluttering evidences, recognizable to all but house-detectives, of dishonorable intent. At the conclusion of which, did he leap from the stool, grab the lady's head and implant a ferocious kiss upon her make-up, prolonging the caress to such disturbing length, that she had, literally, to drag him into the wings. If this is Twentieth Century comedy, it's named after the taxicab!

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Bronislaw Huberman, court violinist to the King of Spain, selects *Melodie* from Gluck's *Orfeo* and the Brahms *Hungarian Dance No. 7* (A Major) for his double-faced record in this release. Pianoforte accompaniment in both selections by Paul Frenkel. The tranquillity of this excerpt from the majestic music Gluck composed for his *Orfeo* is peculiarly adapted to the broad cantilena of this distinguished violinist. Huberman's violin sings with overwhelming richness in this transcription. In the brilliant *Hungarian Dance* one hears the master violinist loosing the fire of his temperamental ardor. Here are two recordings which every one should have.

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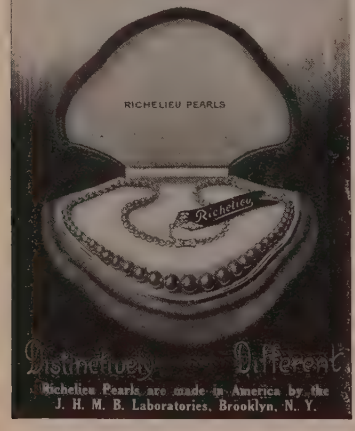

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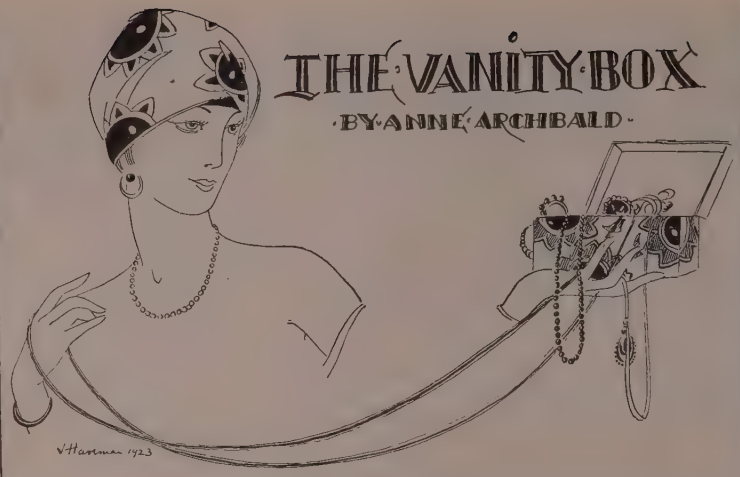

THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHBALD

ALL of us in the theatrical world here were exceedingly *épatés* by the marriage of Peggy Wood, the other day, to John V. A. Weaver, the poet. You might say it was sudden, and then again you might not. On the one hand, the engagement had been announced a year ago, but on the other, the actual marriage had hung fire. We heard rumors from time to time that "it was all off," and each time the rumor went round, the numerous admirers of Peggy, who were dashed into gloom at the announcement of the engagement, took heart once more. And then all at once there was the marriage ceremony, since which ultimatum the admirers will have to make their peace with fate as best they may.

We saw Miss Wood when she was in town one evening, after having left *The Clinging Vine* in Philadelphia. The leaving was probably preliminary to her marriage, though none of us knew it at the time. However, that by the way. . . .

Her tour on the road seemed to have done Miss Wood no harm. On the contrary . . . for she was looking lovelier than ever. The time of our encounter was evening. The scene the lobby of The Century, where both of us had come to see *The Miracle,* and the curtain being on the point of going up had only chance to say "howdy" and to arrange a tea date for next day. The moment was not too fleeting, nevertheless, for us to note something a little out-of-the-ordinary in Miss Wood's appearance. Whereas the rest of us were rather washed out as to color in the bright lights, Miss Wood's face looked particularly brilliant and glowing. Speculation as to the cause of it rose in our mind now and then, even as we watched the performance. What gave that glowing look? Was it due to her eyes, to her expression, or was it something about her complexion. We decided to lead tactfully round to the subject the next day, if possible.

But we didn't have to. Our finesse was quite wasted. Hardly had we touched on the subject to Miss Wood, hardly had we said, "You looked so lovely last night!" before Miss Wood came back with, "Oh, that must have been my new powder!"

Miss Wood is like that. . . . Well, anyway, Yes or No, this is what she told us:

"It's a powder especially liked just now by Parisians for wear in the evening . . . bright yellow in color, if you can imagine it, a real ochre. Only one beauty specialist has imported it yet, so far as I know. If you like I'll tell you her name. The color of the powder is supposed to give just the very thing you say you noticed, a glow, a brilliance, under the electric lights. . . . It subdues all the red or purple tones in the skin, and gives the face and neck a smooth creamy dull finish. They tell me it is particularly successful in concealing an unbecoming flush. . . .

"While we are on the subject of beautifying, would you like to know about another interesting preparation that I have from the same beauty specialist? It is a *water-proof* cream of a delightful pearly color and consistency, and has two important uses. One as a foundation for make-up, which its water-proof quality will prevent from being spoiled by the moisture of perspiration; and second, as a cream for bathing in the summer-time. . . . Only a few society women and one or two actresses know about it as yet, but they used it down at Palm Beach this winter, and say that it is wonderful. . . . "

Our curiosity being aroused, we went hunting the yellow powder, and the water-proof cream, of which we now possess a box and a jar, and can underline every word Miss Wood said about them.

(*For the names of the yellow powder and the water-proof cream mentioned, and where they can be found—write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*)

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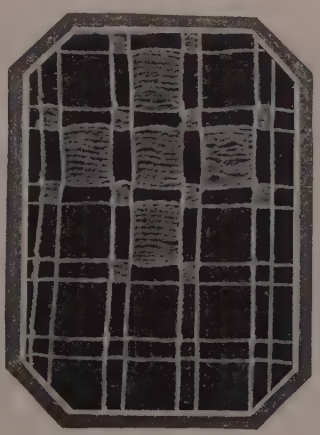

Small section of Oxford Cross Net curtain (as used in the home of Mr. Owen Johnson, to the right) in actual size, showing the general character of the net.

In the drawing room of Mr. Owen Johnson's pine-sheltered country home the effect of all-year-round sunlight is obtained with curtains of Quaker Oxford Cross Net in the "sunshine" shade.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 19)

the next instant. In a state of nervous collapse, he takes a sleeping-powder and has a dream—a crazy nightmare such as you and I are apt to experience after partaking too freely of Welsh rarebit.

He dreams he is married, living in the millionaire home, and it all seems as grotesquely real to him as it does to the audience. The house—a palace with interminable corridors and endless mirrors—is decorated in frightful taste. The noise is abominable and the most fantastic things happen. For instance, Neil rings a bell. Not one butler appears, but four and then eight. A dancing-master comes to teach him new jazz steps. Suddenly he sees not one dancing-instructor but ten, all duplicates of the first one. Mr. Cady, his millionaire father-in-law, struts about the house in golf togs and with a telephone attached to his corpulent abdomen, by which he keeps in constant touch with his office. His wife and mother-in-law commit all sorts of extravagances, turning somersaults and dancing with the waiter. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, Neil seizes a paper-knife and murders the whole lot of them, whereupon newsboys dash down the theatre aisles with newspapers hot from the press giving full accounts of the crime. In Part II Neil is seen on trial for murder and this turns into a trial of his musical ability. Then comes a delightful spectacular pantomime. *A Kiss in Xanadu*, the music for which was written by Deems Taylor. In the end, of course, Neil wakes up and marries the faithful Cynthia.

It is all highly diverting satire, and the audience is kept in an uproar of laughter, especially in the scene showing the father-in-law's factory, which burlesques big business, authors, composers, artists and poets being kept in cages to turn out stuff circulated by millions.

Roland Young plays the composer in his usual easy, nonchalant manner, which is always effective. Kay Johnson is very sweet as Cynthia. Anne Carpenger contributes good comedy as the astonishing mother-in-law, and Mr. Cady is given just the right touch by George W. Barbier.

A delightful feature of the performance was the dancing and posturings in the amorous pantomime of Grethe Ruzt-Nissen, a Norwegian dancer, new to this country and whose skill, winning seductiveness and beauty contributed no little to the success of the play.

Antony and Cleopatra

Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Produced by Jane Cowl and Adolph Klauber at the Lyceum Theatre on February 19th, with the following cast: Antony, Rollo Peters; Octavius Cæsar, Vernon Kelso; Lepidus, Gordon Burby; Sextus Pompeius, George Carter; Domitius Enobarbus, Louis Hector; Ventidius, Richard Bowler; Eros, J. Sayre Crawley; Scarus, James Difley; Dercetas, James Meighan; Mecænas, Charles Brokaw; Agrippa, C. Bailey Hick; Proculeius, Grandon Rhodes; Thyreus, Charles Brokaw; Menas, James Meighan; Menecrates, Cyrus Staehle; Varriius, Edward Brooks; Euphronius, Walter Knapp; Alexas, Harold Webster; Mardian, Robert Ayrton; Seleucus, Lionel Hammond; Diomedes, Willard Joray; A Soothsayer, Lionel Hogarth; A Clown, Milton Pope; A Messenger, Dennis King; Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, Jane Cowl; Octavia, Edith Van Cleeve; Charmian, Marion Evensen; Iras, Grace Hampton.

THE production by Miss Jane Cowl of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* displayed courageous ambition, but it is doubtful if this player, so popular in modern rôles, is by this time fully satisfied with her brave incursion into the classics.

In the performance at the Lyceum were features of fine poetic nobility; flashes of indubitable genius and details of gracious artistic preception and accomplishment. The settings designed by Rollo Peters were richly adequate and harmoniously beautiful in their warm Egyptian tones. There are, if I remember correctly, thirty-eight scenes in the full Shakespearean script, a mosaic of deft and illuminating phases that go to the make-up of two of the most completely presented characters in his gallery of supreme portraiture. To edit these interdependent interludes into a satisfying version that will come within the theatre's restricted three hours is a task that calls for rare intelligence.

But seldom acted, few actresses of note have added to their artistic stature by their interpretation of the Serpent of Old Nile. Its complexities are baffling, and few have been able to sustain the startling changes from regal dignity to voluptuous wantonness, and from feminine devotion to reckless abandon. Happiest in conception and treatment was Miss Cowl's handling of the scene with the Messenger announcing Antony's marriage to Octavia. At this point high twelve was struck. Her death was also touching in its queenly impressiveness. But throughout it all was lacking the fierce, intensive suggestion of overwhelming passion.

Mr. Peters as an artist may be highly praised. His Antony is quite hopeless.

Louis Hector was triumphantly successful as the blunt spoken Enobarbus, and the Eros of J. Sayre Crawley was finely chivalrous and dignified. Marion Evenson was nicely youthful as Charmian, and the Messenger, by Dennis King, spiritedly effective in its execution.

Eleanor Griffith wearing a sport frock of white crepe de chine embroidered in yellow fringe. Designed by Bergdorf Goodman.

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When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest Play Guide, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.

The Play Guide, Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street, New York

Heard on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 39)

unusual problem. French had been at RICHARD BARTHELMESS' studio one day while a group scene of a new picture was being shot. Barthelmess, a close friend of French's, asked him to get into the scene for the fun of the thing. Recently the picture reached the Strand Theatre and Mrs. French was offered this opportunity to again see her husband as he was in life. This extraordinary situation presents a difficult question to solve. Whether to go or not go was the point—with ample arguments in one's heart and soul on both sides. I shall not further trespass upon privacy by revealing which decision Mrs. French reached.

A singularly unfortunate break of luck accounts for the fact that when *The Outsider* opened in New York, KATHARINE CORNELL was seen in the part of the crippled heroine instead of ANN DAVIS. The bad luck was that of Miss Davis, who, after weeks of hard rehearsal and after getting excellent notices on the road, was released to make way to Miss Cornell, suddenly open for engagement by reason of the failure of *The Way Things Happen.* There were many who thought the sudden change in casting unwise, but WILLIAM HARRIS, Jr., who controls the destinies of the piece, felt otherwise, despite the glowing road reception of Miss Davis' work. This is an interesting example of the reverse of that sort of luck which kept ANN HARDING and LOUIS BARTELS in their parts in *Tarnish* and *The Show-Off* respectively. A desperate effort by the managements of both attractions to procure other players for the parts were in vain—with the result that both these young players have not only made sensational and permanent reputations for themselves but also helped launch their plays into the great success both are enjoying. Who knows——?

I hear from my spies in Chicago that when GILDA GRAY was held up recently in that town she had on her person not nearly as many trinkets of great value as the officiating thugs had expected to find. T[illegible] every-where—including her stockings—and when disappointed wi[illegible] one of them blandly remarked, "Hell, let's croak her!" Whereupon the fair Gilda fainted—a feminine act on her part which is said to have stirred the hard hearts of the bold bandits into greater leniency and they decamped after giving the elevator boy of the lift in which all this occurred a crack over the head with a pistol butt which laid him out. Someone had to get it, obviously!

San Francisco and points East are having their movie worlds agitated more and more by the very debauch of advertising and free publicity Mr. Hearst puts in all his papers concerning MARION DAVIES' films, to the exclusion of stuff about other pictures. It is a rare day that one can't find a Davies picture in a Hearst publication, and although Mr. Hearst is quite within his rights in printing what he cares to print—within the limits of libel—his attitude is being branded an unfair one to other advertisers of feature films in his papers. One exalted newspaper owner other than Hearst has been heard to remark that by over doing *Cosmopolitan* publicity in his columns, Hearst is gradually killing interest among his readers both in *Cosmopolitan* and in his columns. No newspaper reader—even the dumbest—can help seeing that he is being steadily dished a fare that practically eliminates all but one item of movie diet from his entertainment bill of fare!

That the Green Room Club is well ensconced in its handsome new quarters at 19 West Forty-eighth Street is testified to by the report of a recent High Revel by its talented members in honor of CHARLES B. COCHRAN, the noted London manager. The particular system with which Green Roomers entertain a guest of consequence is to spoof him good-naturedly, until his nature and temper are put thoroughly to the test. "C. B." stood the gaff in great style, I am told, and retaliated a bit. He then told the story of his career—which found him first as a very bad actor, then Richard Mansfield's secretary, a sports promoter, and eventually a manager, specializing largely at present in American attractions for England.

Various efforts to have FERENC MOLNAR, author of *Liliom* and *The Swan,* pay a visit to this country have been unavailing as also, doubtless, will be similar efforts in the future. Molnar, like that other noted Continental LUCIEN GUITRY, possesses a dread for the water which makes a journey at sea—even of the shortest kind—impossible for him. His native town and present residence, Budapest, is divided into two sections, Buda and Pest, divided by the Danube River. There are many small craft that serve as ferries, but whenever Molnar has occasion to proceed from Buda to Pest or *vice versa*—a daily occurrence—he goes far out of his way to utilize the bridge rather than trust to the mild uncertainties of the blue Danube!

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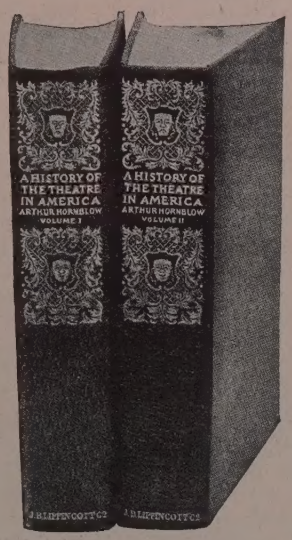

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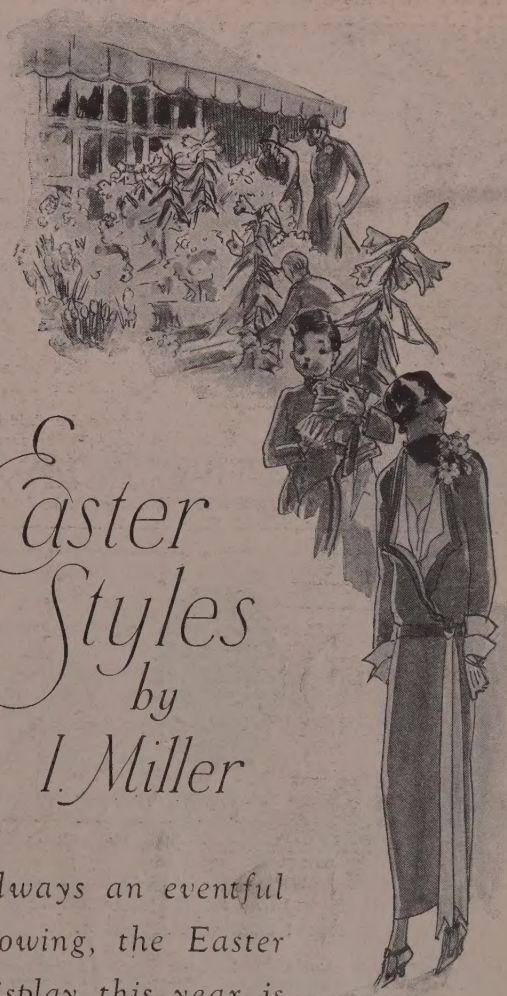

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Write them for their literature. It will be sent to you for the asking, and if you need any further information, write to

Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

(*Continued from page* 42)

pioneer with a function to perform.

That function is to introduce and establish the idea that the presenting of plays is as educative as the solving of mathematical problems or the writing of themes, and infinitely more pleasurable. This in a state where the Little Theatre is practically unknown!

When Mr. Campbell started all he had was an idea. There was no available place to present the plays, no funds for scenic effects or lighting, but after much persuasion, consent was given to fit up a basement room, twenty by sixty feet. A stage was built from odds and ends by the school carpenter; a proscenium arch was contrived from beaver board by the students, with old rose, green and gray hangings contributed from the director's slender purse, and an ingenious box-like arrangement with slides and colored gelatin and a tin-pan reflector made up the lighting.

The scenic effects and sets which are designed and made by the students, are part of the educational course. The plays are cast with no attention to fitness or "type" but by lot—each one taking his turn in the drawing. This insures everyone a chance to develop poise and to acquire a deeper appreciation of the drama and to learn to act by acting. Some of the best modern one-act plays have been given during the last six months and every Thursday night the little place is crowded with intellectuals, society folk and the proletariat, for in spite of the fact that Mr. Campbell insists that these Thursday night plays are just part of his class work, the audience finds them interesting and entertaining.

THE BINGHAMTON DRAMA GUILD

THE first performance of the Binghamton Drama Guild was given early in February, with a bill of three one-act plays, written by members of the Guild.

Two comedies and a farce made up the program. One of the comedies, *What Every Man Knows,* written by Eva Woodburn Leary, and published in *Vanity Fair* some time ago, gives the flapper an opportunity to speak for herself, and she does it with perfect freedom and considerable pertinence.

The other comedy, *Within the Hour,* was written by Frances Gordon Sears, a lecturer and literary critic. It brings into juxtaposition a severely conventional society bachelor and a girl of advanced ideas and independent habits. Its distinction depending upon its flow of subtle humor and sophisticated lines.

The Binghamton Drama Guild was organized last October, by a group of persons of more or less theatrical experience, desiring to create and produce plays.

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Answers to Correspondents

QUESTION: What is George M. Cohan's real name? And is he appearing in a play at present? I am anxious to settle a bet with your answer to my first question.—M. J. S., New York.

ANSWER: *George M. Cohan is the producer's real name. He was born on the fourth of July, 1878, of theatrical parents, and at the age of ten made his first stage appearance. He is appearing at present in his own comedy, "The Song and Dance Man."*

QUESTION: Will you please let me know whether Vivienne Segal is with the road company of *Adrienne?* If not, in what play is she appearing? —A. R. M., Troutdale, Oregon.

ANSWER: *Vivienne Segal has left the cast of "Adrienne." She is not appearing in any production at present. Prior to her engagement for "Adrienne," she was singing a program of songs in vaudeville, but she has not since resumed her tour. One of the most popular of the light opera prima donnas, Miss Segal will shortly return to Broadway in a play not yet announced. In private life she is the wife of Robert Ames, the young dramatic actor.*

QUESTION: Has THEATRE MAGAZINE ever published *The Changelings,* by Lee Wilson Dodd? I am anxious to secure a copy.—F. E., East St. Louis, Ill.

ANSWER: *A condensation of "The Changelings" was published in the December, 1923, issue of* THEATRE MAGAZINE.

QUESTION: Has a condensation of Guy Bolton's *Chicken Feed* ever appeared in the THEATRE? If not, I should appreciate your telling me the name of its producer.—Mrs. M. R., Rocky Mount.

ANSWER: *The play has not been published in* THEATRE MAGAZINE. *John Golden is its producer.*

QUESTION: I am preparing a club paper on our leading American classic actresses. Will you be good enough to publish or send me some biographical data on Margaret Anglin?—Mrs. N. B. T., Rochester, N. Y.

ANSWER: *Miss Anglin was born in Ottawa, April 3, 1876. She received her stage training at the Empire Dramatic School, in New York, and on her very first performance attracted the attention of Charles Frohman. He offered her the opportunity to play the part of Madeleine West, in "Shenandoah." She made her professional début in this rôle at the Academy of Music, in 1894. Her next season was spent with the company of James O'Neill to whose Hamlet she played Ophelia. She played Roxane to Richard Mansfield's Cyrano de Bergerac. Followed a succession of important engagements. She appeared in "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Only Way," "Camille," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Marriage of Kitty," "The Great Divide," as well as in stock and repertory. Finally, she was won completely to the classics. The Greek tragedies have held her talents and attention for some time. She recently made a trip to Athens for atmosphere and inspiration, as well as authoritative research in the production of them.*

QUESTION: Is the Madge Kennedy who is appearing in *Poppy,* the same one who has been featured in several recent movie productions? The movie-star, I remember, played one rôle of a musical-comedy actress in a picture. This suggested that they might be the same actress. My friend and I have a bet on it. Will you settle it? —Marjorie N., Baltimore.

ANSWER: *There is only one Madge Kennedy. She has appeared in the legitimate and films, as well as the musical comedy, "Poppy," which is her present sensationally successful vehicle.*

QUESTION: Has the Cecilia Loftus who is appearing in vaudeville ever been an actress in Shakespearean companies? She always is described as a mimic and comedienne, but I seem to hold the idea that she was once a legitimate dramatic star. Am I wrong?—Claude York.

ANSWER: *Miss Loftus has appeared in several of the Shakespearean plays, "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing." Her first successes, however, were as a mimic and entertainer in the music halls. (Her mother was Marie Loftus, a famous variety artist.) And she has returned to this informal form of entertainment.*

QUESTION: Is it permissible for amateur groups to perform the scenes —from your monthly condensations of popular or important plays? Or to give dramatic readings of them? No admissions would be charged for these performances, or if any were, it would be devoted entirely to charity. In the interests of a small group of drama-lovers, I would appreciate your advice in this question. — Mrs. Caroline Shepley, Raleigh.

ANSWER: *Plays generally are rigidly protected by copyright, and the rights for performances strictly withheld by the interests owning them. However, permission often can be secured by direct application to the author and producer. The owners of the plays always are mentioned in the introductions preceding them.*

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